

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH  
GLADSTONE SUPPLEMENT.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



FINDLATER.

VICKERY.

THE QUEEN AT NETLEY HOSPITAL: HER MAJESTY CONFERRING THE VICTORIA CROSS ON PIPER FINDLATER AND PRIVATE VICKERY.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Happy is the country where political strife breeds no hatred! In our blessed isle, so serene are the emotions of politicians, so genial the sword-play of debate, that there seems to be nothing more poisonous in public life than the surmise that a dinner here and there, duly chronicled in the daily journals, is the mechanism of intrigue. I meet a friend, a member of the House of Commons, actively engaged in party manoeuvres, who knows everything that is whispered behind the Speaker's chair (and the man who knows that has not much to learn), and calls august personages by irreverent nicknames. "Let me see," he says, "I asked you to dine on Tuesday week." "You did," I reply with an air of agreeable expectation, for one of the gifts acquired behind the Speaker's chair is that of ordering a dinner. "Well," says he, "do you mind my putting it off till the political situation is a little more settled? You see, it isn't safe just now for any man on our side to give a dinner. It gets into the papers, and our fellows go about saying that it is a cabal to make one of the guests leader of the party." "Good gracious!" I exclaim with modest surprise. "You don't mean to say anybody would suggest that I—?" "Yes," he interrupts kindly. "They would suspect even you in my company! Old Dromedary!"—he means a statesman whose real name I could not write without trembling—"would be down on me like a shot! My dear boy, till this leadership is fixed, I have to cheat venomous suspicion by dining alone at an eighteenpenny restaurant in Soho!"

To be robbed of a dinner by the political situation is an experience which, in some men, would rouse the worst passions of the human heart. Luckily a certain measure of philosophy enables me to see in this a cheerful omen of my country's destinies. Here is none of that deep-seated personal animosity which plays such havoc with the institutions of other lands. True, there is a dash of that fiery element in a letter from an Irish gentleman in the *Spectator*. He complains that his countrymen have been forced by the might of England to forget their own "rich and flexible language," and express themselves in a tongue compounded of borrowings and plunderings from various nations. Anybody with a spark of imagination must understand this injustice. Think of what it costs this Irishman to feel that he cannot speak, nor even think, save in the language of the alien domination! But has philosophy no remedy even for this wrong? Is there no independence (to say nothing of melody) in the accent of the Liffey, especially upon woman's lips? Let me adjure the correspondent of the *Spectator* to ponder this. Moreover, his letter is itself a proof that the English language is a remarkable instrument of terse and vivid remonstrance. Let him recall the oratory of a hundred years or so, and say whether Burke, Grattan, Sheil would have won such renown had they thundered in idioms foreign to the English ear.

Even in France, as I learn from M. Gaston Deschamps, political hatred is declining. M. Deschamps has been watching the temper of his countrymen during the recent elections, and he finds it singularly urbane. The orators were quite subdued, and if their auditors were more excitable, that was because you must always be more intense in an interruption than you need be in a speech. M. Deschamps went to Poitiers to record his vote, and he describes a conversation with an old friend there, a moderate Republican, who spoke even of the Socialists with calm. I do not wonder, for it must be difficult to get excited at Poitiers. I have watched the unavailing efforts of a circus on market-day to stir the pulses of that dear, sleepy old town. But M. Deschamps found the political temperature balmy even in Paris. He tells a delightful story of M. Jaurès, the great Socialist orator, who professes in his speeches to be animated by what he calls the spirit of "creative hatred." Well, one day M. Jaurès was observed in a sudden shower without an umbrella. Jumping off an omnibus, M. Deschamps hastened to offer the shelter of his own umbrella, remarking, "Now you will admit that it isn't merely egoism which inspires every man in the party you distrust." "I don't distrust," said Jaurès, with a beaming smile, as he pressed the hand of this unlooked-for ally, "I hate!"

Years ago I happened to be in an American city on the night of the Presidential election. I had seen party feeling run pretty high in English elections, but it was nothing to the fever of this momentous issue. One prominent citizen stood at his door all day shouting heavy odds on his candidate to the passers-by. His candidate did not win, and he must have enriched a considerable number of people by devotion to his principles. That night I dined at a Democratic club with two men, one of whom was a Republican of quiet, unassuming manners. We talked of everything except the election, and then set out for the theatre. On the way downstairs the quiet Republican lighted a cigar, and, passing the open door of the smoking-room, his eye fell upon the portrait of a rooster, the Democratic emblem, which adorned a wall. In an instant his unassuming manners were transformed to fury, and dashing into the

room, he thrust the lighted end of his cigar into the tail of the offending bird. That smoking-room rose as one man, and made him the central ornament of a scrimmage of whirling hands and feet. When we got him out, he adjusted his collar, lighted another cigar, and resumed the thread of some interesting remarks upon dramatic literature. An hour or two later, in the lobby of the theatre, he had a second seizure, but he finished the evening in the placid embrace of an arm-chair, discussing the arts with one of his assailants, and no more implacable than M. Jaurès under the enemy's umbrella.

It is not easy to guess the motive of a man who remains indifferent to false reports of his death. It is said that a well-known artist who was decently put an end to by the papers presented himself lately to the astonished gaze of a friend at a restaurant. When taxed with this inconsistency, he replied that it was not worth while to contradict the obituary notices. There is attractive psychology here. The average self-seeking man, reported dead, and formally lamented in print, might bring an action for damages. To say your neighbour is a caitiff, a robber of widows and orphans, is bad enough, but is it not even more libellous to slay him with a stroke of the pen, to treat him as dust which fills a gap with a paragraph? What is this but to take advantage of his supposed demise by selling him as news? An action on this basis might easily give a jury a fresh view of the enormity of newspaper enterprise. But what is the object of a man who asks no redress for his premature extinction? Perhaps he wants to annoy the undertakers, or he may suffer from excess of humility. When he meets people who charge him with trying to pass as a ghost, he may say, "My friends, I have no ambition to be a subject for psychical research. You see I live, but an omniscient Press says I am dead; and who am I that I should assert my existence against the organs of public opinion?"

There is a story of a man who went exploring, and was not heard of for some years. At last his wife gave him up as lost, and needing money, published a fragment of autobiography he had left behind him. He had not intended this to see the light till he was dead, for it was racy of that peculiar kind of soil which memoirs of the defunct sometimes shower upon the living. The publication caused a great commotion. Half the author's contemporaries were tickled to apoplexy, and the other half wished he could come to life again, that he might hear their opinion of him. He had that pleasure, for the wilds he had been exploring yielded him up, and he returned home to find himself infamous. Nobody was glad to see him; even his wife thought his resurrection rather indecent, seeing that the world was too hot to hold both him and his book. Clearly one or the other had no right to go on living, and as the autobiography celebrated his reappearance by a new edition, the public judgment was obvious. If I remember rightly, he ignored the hint, just as the well-known artist has ignored the proclamation of his decease. Here we have a very nice question as to the liberty of the subject, and if the artist will only be original enough to claim the right of living together with the privileges of death by newspaper edict, privileges which extinguish taxes and similar obligations, the issue might furnish some agreeable pleading in the courts.

People who have reason to cherish a privacy almost equivalent to burial must envy the ingenuity of a certain young woman in Paris. She was caught shop-lifting, and refused to disclose her name. For two months she remained untried, while the police made vain efforts to establish her identity. Here was a woman with good looks, well dressed, who must have left a picture on the retina of many an observer, and yet not a soul could learn who she was or whence she came. Alive, she was as completely detached from any discoverable tie as if she were dead. At the end of two months she would not speak, and was sentenced to spend four more in prison, the successors of M. Lecocq flattering themselves that when she came out they would know everything by the simple expedient of following her home. M. Francisque Sarcey asks why she was not released before, and placed under surveillance? That might have saved the pride of the police, and it might not, for a woman with the astuteness to obliterate every trace is not likely to walk back to her haunts with official footsteps behind her. No; the police may as well acknowledge defeat by a genius which transcends the imaginings of Gaboriau, and beg this shop-lifter to enter the public service.

Why not domesticate the shark? Caught young, he might disport himself in ornamental waters, and be revered like the carp. A student of sharks says they are greatly maligned. They do admirable service by scavenging the sea, and they never eat man except by accident. Cabs run over careless people in the street, and sharks will snap off the leg of a clumsy swimmer who does not get out of their way. Otherwise, they are charming. The maternal shark is "a tender parent," and hides her offspring in a sort of body-cupboard in moments of danger. Then think of the beautiful friendship of the shark for the pilot-fish! Well, as Nero has been vindicated, Richard III. rescued from the clutches of Shakspeare, and Henry VIII. revealed as a patriot with a weakness for headless wives, how can we resist the domestic virtues of the shark?

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Shortly before his death, which occurred in 1866, Massimo d'Azeglio, statesman, orator, poet, the painter of "Orlando Furioso," but, above all, the trusty friend and valued counsellor of Victor Emmanuel, was talking to a Frenchman, who congratulated him upon the unification of Italy. "Oui," was the reply, "l'Italie est faite, il faut faire les Italiens." The sentence is somewhat difficult to translate. What he really meant was this: "We have made a new Italy, we must now endeavour to make new Italians." He, better than anyone perhaps, knew that the old Italians would not do under the altered conditions, in spite of their love for and their fervent admiration of their liberator. He knew that not all the hopes aroused by the mere name of Victor Emmanuel could be realised either at once or for many years to come. He knew that this resurrection of Italy apparently from dead ashes, though it exceeded all expectations in its promptitude, would be finally fraught with disappointments and disillusion to the majority of the nation—i.e., to the *popolo minuto* and the *mezzo-ceto*, read the lower and lower middle classes.

It could scarcely be otherwise. To the masses throughout the civilised world all revolutions, whether peacefully or violently accomplished, and having for their object a change of régime, are synonymous with betterment, and betterment, that constant chimera of the people, signifies to them a cheap material existence, abundance of work, bodily welfare, and, maybe, downright affluence. The denser the ignorance, the deeper rooted that idea, and the humbler classes of Italians a third of a century ago were wofully ignorant. Here is an instance in proof of that ignorance and of the dreams begotten of it.

It happened in the spring of 1860, when Garibaldi was pursuing his expedition in Sicily, and when the words "Constitution and Liberty" were on every Neapolitan's lips. "Why are you so anxious for a Constitution?" asked a foreign tourist of his guide and donkey-driver while they were travelling through the mountains of Sorrento. "Well, you see, your Excellency," was the answer, "because I think we shall be all the better for it. It is now close upon twenty years that I am letting out my asses to visitors from all countries—English, French, Americans; all of these have a Constitution, and they are all rich." A few years later that same tourist heard the donkey-drivers on the other side of the bay—namely, at Ischia—complain bitterly of the new régime which had put a tax on their animals.

If a very small amount of knowledge has cleared up part of that ignorance, it has at the same time not only made an end of the cherished dreams, but bred the apprehension of continued sacrifices. The taxes have become gradually heavier. Unquestionably the very best informed of the nation were prepared for this. "We were not aware," said an educated Italian to an Englishman with whom he became acquainted a twelvemonth after Victor Emmanuel's death, "of the burdens a united Italy would impose upon us, but if they were twice as heavy as they are, we should still accept them. The fruits of a unified Italy will not be for us, probably not even for our sons, but assuredly our grandsons shall enjoy them."

The burdens have increased and go on increasing, and ordinary thinkers of the calibre I have just quoted are, no doubt, rare everywhere, and above all in Italy, where large and even moderate fortunes are the exception. The peasantry and working urban populations are poor, and the greed that distinguishes their fellow Latins on the other side of the Pyrenees is not entirely absent from their character. The poverty, the burdens, and the greed are three powerful instruments for the Socialists and adversaries of the dynasty generally to play upon, for it must not be imagined that the Socialists only constitute the antagonists of the House of Savoy. The would-be agrarian reformer, who preaches an entirely new Revolutionary gospel under the cover of the Gospel of Christ, is perhaps as dangerous to the Italian *contadino* as the other. During the latter years of Victor Emmanuel's reign there sprang up suddenly in the agricultural districts sects, semi-mystic, semi-communist, of which David Lazzaretti, killed in 1878, was an avowed leader, and Salvator Brasseur another. These have had more or less conspicuous imitators, who are not without their influence on the peasantry of to-day.

On the other hand, there are the revolutionaries, who are the determined foes of all monarchies, and who, however liberal such a monarchy, fail to find a permanent footing in it, such as may satisfy their ambition and also their material needs. Those kind of Republicans can only scale the monarchical fortress by fits and starts in Italy, without being able to overtopple the throne; for a revolution, to be successful, must be made in a capital, and in Italy there does not exist, in spite of Rome, a preponderating capital that could impose its will on the rest of the country. Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny that the doctrines those Republicans preach are entirely without effect upon the proletariat.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE QUEEN AT NETLEY.

Her Majesty's kindly interest in her wounded soldiers was again manifested on the afternoon of May 14, when Netley Hospital was, for the second time this year, honoured by a royal visit. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, left Windsor at half-past two and arrived at Netley at half-past four. The Queen was at once driven to the hospital in a landau drawn by two grey horses. The roads were lined by enthusiastic crowds, and hundreds of people in manifold conveyances followed the royal carriage. Arrived at the hospital her Majesty took her seat in her wheeled chair and proceeded to the inspection of the wards. Accompanied by Surgeon-Major-Generals Nash and Kelly, the Queen first saw about one hundred convalescents, graciously making special inquiries concerning particular cases. These inquiries were answered by the medical officer in charge, Surgeon-Major Kelly.

Her Majesty next ascended by lift to the surgical wards, in her tour of which she was attended by Surgeon-Major Dick. Convalescent patients were paraded in the corridor, those unable to be out of bed being assembled in special wards. The Queen spoke to several of the men, asking particularly how they got wounded and expressing kind hopes for their recovery. With any who had lost a limb her Majesty did not miss exchanging a word. The interest of the visit culminated when the Queen came up to Private Vickery, of the Dorsets, and Piper Findlater, of the Gordons, whom she decorated with the Victoria Cross.

Both heroes were seated in chairs. "I can rise, your Majesty," said the gallant Gordon, but his Sovereign forbade him. "Oh, no," said the Queen, "I will rise," and so doing, she pinned the decoration to his breast. As her Majesty left the corridor, Findlater played the "Haughts of Cromdale," with which he had heartened the Gordons at Dargai. Shortly after six o'clock, her Majesty, having seen nearly all the 898 patients in the hospital, returned to Windsor.

## THE RIOTS IN ITALY.

Italy, afflicted last week suddenly and lamentably with a fierce outbreak of attempted political insurrection at Milan, apparently contrived by a conspiracy of the Socialist Red Republican faction, simultaneously with riots in other towns and provinces, excited by the dearth of food, the stoppage of work, and the pressure of excessive taxes, has recovered a gloomy tranquillity under the coercion of a loyal army supported by all prudent citizens. Neither King Humbert nor his present Ministers can be justly blamed for the real grievances which have long existed and increased in that country, unless it be for excess in public expenditure to keep up the Triple Alliance, and for delaying the legislation needful to check local abuses of municipal authorities, which have encouraged all kinds of rash financial speculation. Only at Milan during three days, Saturday, May 7, Sunday, and Monday, did this deplorable conflict, joined in by some Republican enthusiasts from neighbouring places in Lombardy, assume the character of a design to subvert the Constitution of the Italian Kingdom. It was there suppressed with severe fighting by General Bava and the strong military garrison. The insurgents, who were not aided by the ordinary townspeople, erected street barricades in the Parisian fashion, but were gradually overcome; artillery, as well as rifle volleys, were directed against them. It is now ascertained that eighty was the number killed, and two or three hundred wounded. The conflict was quite finished on the night of Monday, the 9th inst., and the troops, who had all behaved very well and had suffered some loss in this fighting, were greeted with acclamations by all classes of the respectable inhabitants of the city. An utterly incredible report, invented and started by one of the conspirators among the Italian labourers employed at Lausanne, in Switzerland, was telegraphed to London and published here on Wednesday, stating that an insurrection had broken out also at Turin, where the King and Queen had gone on May 7 to open the Exhibition commemorating the fiftieth year of Piedmontese constitutional liberties. No one acquainted with the character of the people of Turin and Piedmont, whose loyalty, fidelity, and sobriety cannot be excelled, could believe such a report for one moment. The Piedmontese are cool-headed; Lombards hot-headed: there it is. There were in Switzerland, chiefly in the Canton of Ticino, and at

Lucerne, sundry bands of misguided men from Lombardy, prepared to cross the Alps and join the Milan revolt; but they were stopped at the frontier by Swiss and Italian guards: several hundred of them are in custody at Como and Chiasso. The local disturbances in other parts of Italy were bread-riots, tax-riots, or wages-riots, rather than organised revolution, incidental to the hardness of the times for the poor. At Novara, at Pontedera in Tuscany, at several places in Romagna, near Ancona, at Genzano, near Rome, and in Naples, such riots occurred, and were not suppressed without bloodshed. King Humbert and his Queen returned to Rome quietly and safely, arriving on Thursday morning, May 12. There has, indeed, been no real danger of a political revolution in Italy; but reforms are urgently needful. The Marquis di Rudini, the Prime Minister, has promised measures suitable to the existing situation.

## THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Last week, owing to some interruption of telegraph news communications, but also to some cunning temporary advantage taken of that condition of the world by interested parties, was remarkable for the publication of false reports. It was believed on Wednesday, May 11, when we noticed the latest news then current, that the Spanish naval squadron, which left Port St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, at the end of the preceding week, had gone to Cadiz instead of crossing the Atlantic. Information to that effect had been sent to Colonel John Hay, the American Ambassador in London, and had by him been transmitted to the United States Government at Washington, which had thereupon instantly ordered great military preparations for a descent

to a superior force; but he is now to be aided, or joined, by a Flying Squadron, under Commodore Schley, consisting of three battle-ships and an armoured yacht, which put forth on Friday afternoon from Norfolk, Virginia. The Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera, however, took no advantage of its position off Martinique, but made for Willemstad, Curaçoa, where it coaled and provisioned on May 15. The fleet left Curaçoa again the same evening. The United States Government has since Friday countermanded its orders with respect to the immediate collection of a large army at Tampa, in Florida, to be landed in Cuba. This operation is deferred until after the expected naval battle. There are 65,000 troops already on foot, of which 15,000 are destined for Manila. On Thursday evening, May 12, at Cabanas, to the west of Havana, an unsuccessful attempt was made by Captain Dorst to land with two companies of infantry to deliver to the Cuban insurgents a supply of rifles, ammunition, and stores, brought over by the troop-ship *Guskie*, escorted by the gun-boat *Manning* and the torpedo-boat *Wasp*. The landing party had a fight with Spaniards, and failing to meet any Cuban insurgents, withdrew to the ships. At Cardenas, on the north coast, and at Cienfuegos, on the south coast of the island, on May 11, American gun-boats bombarded the Spanish shore-fortifications, but with slight effect. On Saturday last, off Havana, two Spanish vessels had an indecisive fight with American blockading ships.

## THE DEATH OF MR. GLADSTONE.

Amid the turmoil of a world distracted, Mr. Gladstone has passed peacefully to his rest. Only a year ago, when the war cloud hovered over the East as it does to-day over the West, the great statesman's voice, though raised without the sanction of office, was still potent in the counsels of men. To-day, when the outlook is even graver and more uncertain, that voice is for ever silent, and Britain mourns a leader fallen. The end has come even sooner than we feared. For two months everyone has been aware that Mr. Gladstone's malady must have a fatal termination, but the physicians spoke hopefully of his being spared until the summer was well advanced. It was at Bournemouth that the aged statesman learned the nature of his disorder, receiving the news with fortitude and even with thankfulness. On March 6, at the beautiful retreat on the southern coast, he attended St. Swithin's Church, his last participation in the public services he held so dear. For a week or two longer he lingered by the sea, occasionally enjoying a short walk when sunshine permitted; but he longed for Hawarden, and when he knew the worst, his sole request was that he might end his days there. Accordingly, somewhat earlier than had been intended, he took his departure from Bournemouth, amid the sympathetic farewells of the assembled people, to whom he gave his parting benediction—"God bless you and the land we love."

At Hawarden, for the first few days, it seemed as though the change had proved beneficial, but to combat the gradual decay of strength was beyond the physician's art. Yet hope that Mr. Gladstone might still be spared for a little was entertained so late as May 17, but on the afternoon of that day the news suddenly changed for the worse. Members of the family were hurriedly summoned to their father's bedside, where within a few hours they all assembled. The sufferer lay practically unconscious in the wide upper chamber overlooking the Terrace where he had so often delighted thousands by his eloquence. From its windows could be seen, too, those Hawarden woods in which the statesman-forester's axe had rung so cheerily in his prime and vigorous age. Now and then the hush of the shadowed chamber was broken by some fitful words, as Mr. Gladstone murmured in French some sentences amid which *commencez* and *priez* were the only articulate utterance. On the evening of May 17 all the servants of the household were summoned and passed the bedside of their revered master, who lay in deep slumber. As they passed, the retainers pressed the honoured hand in mute farewell.

Mr. Gladstone still slept peacefully, and before morning rallied somewhat. Mrs. Gladstone was untiring in her devotion; Doctors Habershon, Dobie, and Biss were in attendance. From time to time the Rev. Stephen Gladstone repeated his father's favourite hymns, and the dying statesman was heard whispering "Our Father." The venerable leader lingered until 5 a.m. on Thursday, May 19, when the end came, and William Ewart Gladstone was numbered among the world's great memories.

In our Special Supplement will be found a biography of the great statesman and a survey of his political career.



COUCH PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN AFTER HER VISIT TO NETLEY HOSPITAL IN FEBRUARY 1898, WITH COVERLET WORKED BY HER MAJESTY AND PRESENTED IN 1892.

On her latest visit to Netley her Majesty seemed pleased and surprised to see the coverlet, and said, "I must work some more."

Corporal Saltier, of the Royal Artillery, suffering from fractured spine, occupied the couch.

on Cuba, and the landing of troops there. Telegrams from Spain concerning war operations being strictly controlled by the Madrid Government, it was not until Friday that either Europe or America knew the truth. The Spanish squadron was actually speeding across the ocean to the West Indies, and on Thursday evening reached Martinique! This was a very smart performance: in five and a half days from Cape Verde, Admiral Cervera, with his four powerful cruisers, with as many gun-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, all swift vessels, had got to the region of the expected decisive naval action. Two coal-ships were ready for him in the harbour of Martinique, and the French authorities, though neutral, allowed him to take a fresh supply of fuel from them. In the meantime Admiral Sampson, with the United States squadron, on Friday morning, at daybreak, was at San Juan, Porto Rico, which island, the second in size and importance of the Spanish West Indies, lies over a thousand miles eastward and beyond Haiti from that part of the Cuban coast where he was previously engaged in the blockade of Havana and Matanzas. He bombarded the forts and batteries which defend San Juan during three hours; there were no Spanish vessels of war there. Some damage was done to Morro Fort and the batteries, and incidentally to a portion of the town, but with little loss of life. The American squadron then withdrew to Key West, its station at the southern extremity of Florida. Admiral Sampson could not then be aware that the Spanish squadron was lying at Martinique, which is distant only four hundred miles from where he was on the coast of Porto Rico. If he had encountered Admiral Cervera at the end of last week, their forces would have been equally matched, or rather, it is computed the Spanish ships and guns might have amounted

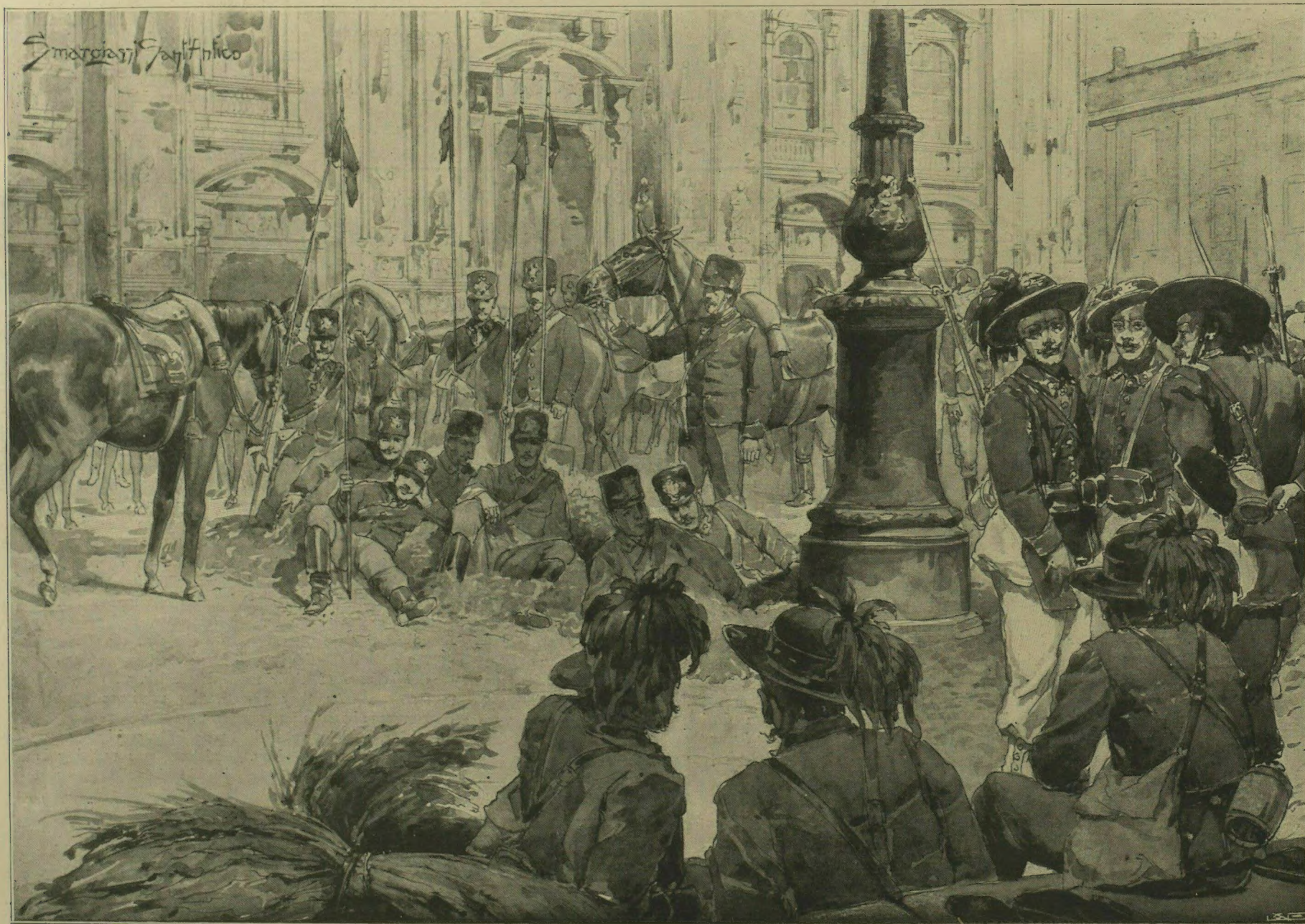


THE RIOTS IN ITALY: STREET SCENES IN MILAN.

*Drawn from Photographs by Stefano Benetti.*



BREACH MADE BY THE ARTILLERY AT THE MONASTERY OUTSIDE PORTA MONFORTE.



THE CAVALRY IN FRONT OF THE DUOMO.



# THE RIOTS IN ITALY: STREET SCENES IN MILAN.

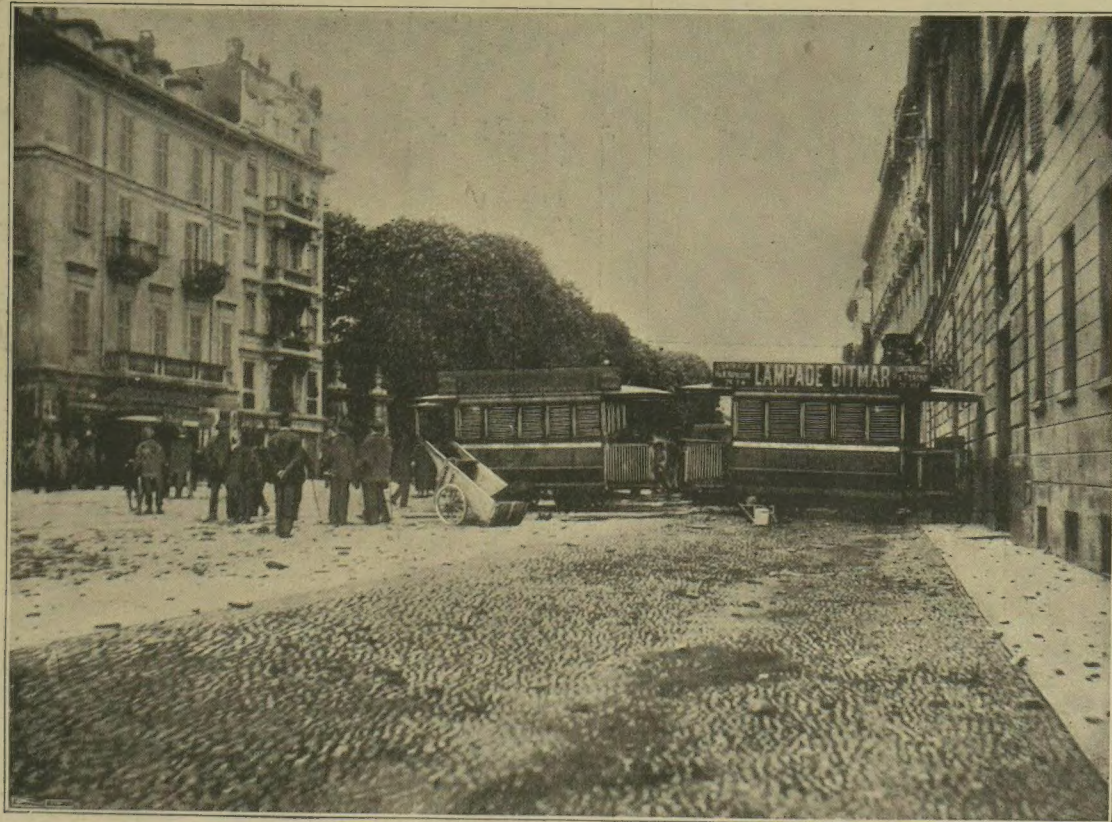
*From Photographs by Stefano Bencetti.*



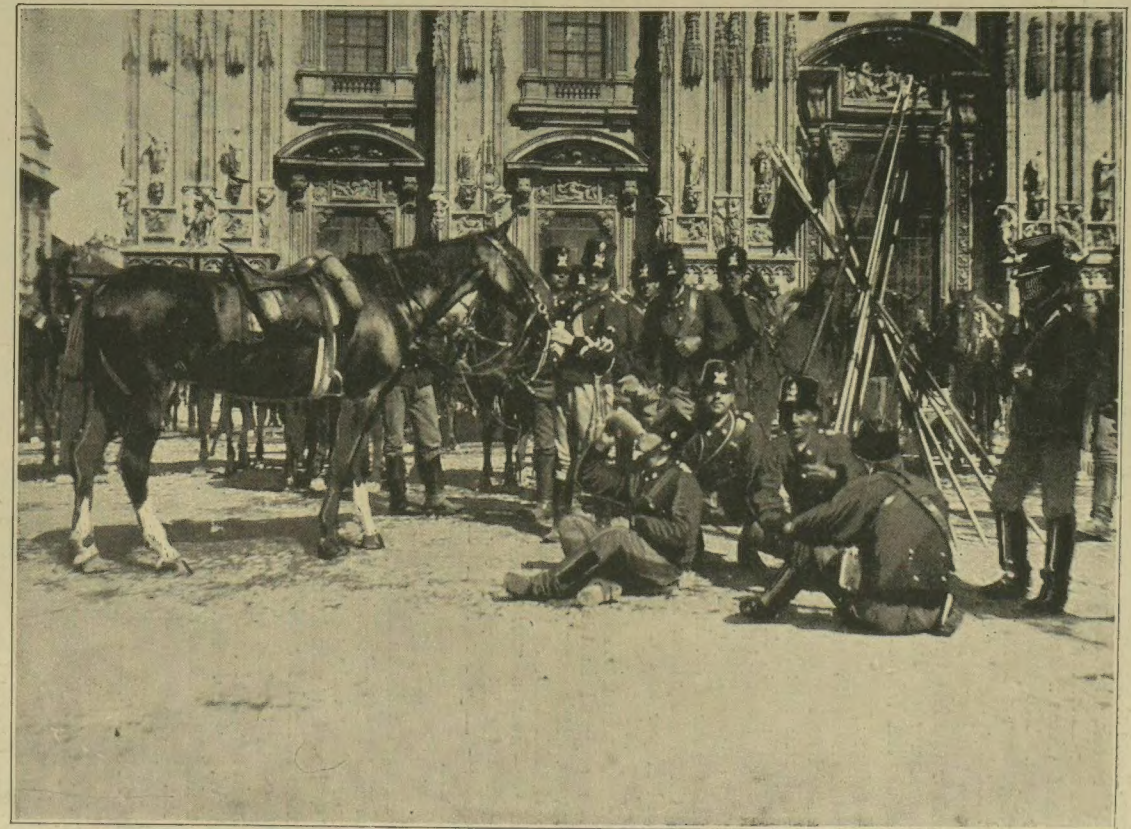
BERSAGLIERI ASSAULTING A BARRICADE.



BARRICADE AT THE CORNER OF THE VIA MOSCOVIA.



THE CORSO VENEZIA BARRICADED WITH TRAMWAY CARS.



CAVALRY BEFORE THE DUOMO.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen on Saturday went from Windsor to Netley Hospital, which event we illustrate and describe elsewhere.

Before quitting London on Wednesday, May 11, for Windsor, the Queen gave audience to Lord Salisbury. Her Majesty had on the day before in person held the Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace. A second Drawing-Room that week, on Friday, was held by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, on behalf of the Queen, as the Princess of Wales was suffering from inflammation of one of her eyes. The Queen on Monday inspected over a hundred veteran soldiers and sailors of the Crimean and Indian Mutiny Wars; on Wednesday she presented new colours to the Royal Berkshire Militia in the quadrangle of Windsor Castle. On Friday evening, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Henry of Prussia, she left Windsor for Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York on Friday attended the annual meeting of the Committee of the Royal Naval Fund at the United Service Institution. Princess Charles of Denmark left Marlborough House on May 11 for Copenhagen. On Saturday the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York attended the funeral service at the Chapel of St. James's Palace held simultaneously with the interment of the late Duke of St. Albans at Bestwood, Nottinghamshire. On Monday their Royal Highnesses lunched with the Lord Mayor and the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House Corporation. The Duke of York has been appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Crescent*, which is to be engaged in the summer Naval Manœuvres. It is arranged that his young cousin, the eldest son, of Princess Henry of Battenberg—now a schoolboy at Lyndhurst—shall go on board the *Britannia*, the school-ship for naval cadets, at Dartmouth.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held at the Foreign Office on Tuesday.

The Earl of Aberdeen has resigned the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion of Canada, but his actual retirement from that office is fixed for October.

The South Norfolk election last week resulted in favour of the Liberal candidate, Mr. A. W. Soames. Mr. A. W. Henderson, Unionist, obtained a majority of 800 over Mr. W. Adams, in West Staffordshire. Lord Newark was returned unopposed for Newark, Nottinghamshire.

Two speeches made by leading members of the present Government last week, treating of the position of Great Britain with regard to foreign nations and Powers, have excited much attention; but that of Lord Salisbury, in London, being at a semi-private City dinner given to country bankers, has not been fully reported. At Birmingham, on Friday, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain addressed the Liberal Unionist Association, declaring that a good understanding between England and the United States of America would render us independent of any close alliances in Europe.

Sir William Harcourt spoke on May 11 at the National Liberal Club, and Lord James of Hereford to the Unionists at Edinburgh.

On Saturday, at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor of London entertained the Belgian Minister and a party of the Burgomasters (mayors) of the Belgian cities, Brussels, Antwerp, and other famous towns, at a grand dinner, with a friendly welcome to them as visitors in England.

The officers of the German naval squadron in the Clyde, commanded by Admiral Thomsen, were handsomely entertained on Saturday by the Lord Provost and Corporation of Glasgow.

On Monday evening the Royal Geographical Society held a meeting to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of Vasco da Gama's maritime discovery of the route to the Indian Ocean round the Cape of Good Hope. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, and M. de Castro, representing the Portuguese Embassy, were present. Sir Clements Markham presided. A message was sent by telegraph to the King of Portugal.

A conference at Cardiff on Monday, representing 95,000 Welsh colliery miners, resolved that full powers should be given to their provisional committee to negotiate with the employers for a termination of the dispute and strike. This decision was subsequently rescinded.

The German Emperor and Empress have been visiting Alsace and Lorraine, where their Majesties have a château not far from Metz.

Prince Henry of Prussia, Admiral of the German squadron in Chinese seas, arrived at Peking at the end of last week, on his visit to the Emperor of China, and was received with great ceremony and extreme courtesy by the ruling personages of that Empire, with the diplomatic and consular representatives of foreign nations. On Sunday, with Baron von Goltz, he had an interview with the Emperor at the Summer Palace.

A treaty between Russia and Japan, signed in April, has now been officially published, by which they agree, and mutually pledge themselves, to abstain from all interference with the internal affairs of Korea, not on either side urging the appointment of military instructors or financial advisers, while Russia will not hinder Japanese commercial and industrial undertakings in Korea. The Japanese garrison at Wei-Hai-Wei is to be withdrawn in four weeks reckoned from May 7, and British possession

will then commence. The Chinese mob riots at Shasi, on the Yang-tse-Kiang, destroyed warehouses, buildings, and other property, British and Japanese. A gun-boat, H.M.S. *Esik*, has been sent up there.

The evacuation of Thessaly by the Turkish army was actually begun last Saturday by the embarkation of stores of ammunition at Volo, where a large number of transport-steamer are collected for the conveyance of the troops to Salonica. It is to be finished by June 5, after which "the Powers," Great Britain, Russia, France, and Italy, are to settle the future government of Crete. Prince George of Greece, now at Copenhagen, will visit St. Petersburg, London, and Paris.

The Spanish Ministry have resigned office to enable Señor Sagasta to reconstruct his Government for the more efficient conduct of the war. In the new Cabinet now being formed by the Premier, Señor Gamazo will probably be Minister of Public Works, and Señor Leon Castillo, at present Spanish Ambassador in Paris, has been offered the portfolio for Foreign Affairs. Several names have been mentioned as those of the probable Ministers of Marine and Colonial Affairs respectively.

## PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords the Prime Minister made a statement about Wei-Hai-Wei to the effect that China needed encouragement to resist her foes, and that the British occupation of a naval base and coaling station in the Gulf



Photo Stefano Bennetti.

THE RIOTS IN ITALY: BERSAGLIERI BEFORE A CONQUERED BARRICADE IN MILAN.

of Pechili was calculated to afford that encouragement. As to the capacities of Wei-Hai-Wei, Lord Salisbury declined to commit himself. A commission of experts would be sent out, and the Government would await the report of their agents before deciding upon the necessary armament. Besides, Wei-Hai-Wei was still in the possession of the Japanese, and nothing definite could be done till they had withdrawn. All this failed to appease the curiosity of Earl Kimberley. The House of Commons has been nearly as much excited by Mr. Chamberlain's historic speech at Birmingham on America and the Continent of Europe. Mr. Yerburgh asked the Government to fix a day for the discussion of the Foreign Office vote, and Sir William Harcourt declared, amid much commotion, that what the House and the country wanted to discuss was "the new Birmingham policy." Mr. Balfour showed no trepidation at this prospect. Mr. Ascroft asked whether the Government intended to make any statement on the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, and seemed surprised when Mr. Balfour mildly replied that the Government had no such intention. A remonstrance by Mr. Swift MacNeill against what he supposed to be the Orange principles of Lord Ranfurly, the Governor of New Zealand, was discouraged by Mr. Chamberlain, and the Speaker repressed the eagerness of Mr. William Johnston to connect those principles with the Jubilee. The Irish Local Government Bill has made pacific progress, but there have been warlike echoes of Mr. Gerald Balfour's statement that while the Government wished to distribute relief in the West of Ireland, they could not be expected to distribute "champagne." The Chief Secretary explained that he had a system in this affair, that he would not depart from that system, and that "champagne" was a figure of speech which exactly expressed his meaning. This drew a lively protest from Major Rasch.

## PERSONAL.

Viscount Newark, who has been returned without opposition for the Newark Division of Nottinghamshire, sat for the same constituency from 1885 to 1895. On the recent retirement of Mr. Finch-Hatton, Viscount Newark, on being approached by the Conservative Committee for the division, consented once more to become its representative until the end of the present Parliament. On May 11, the nomination day, no other nominee being put forward, Lord Newark was duly declared elected. His Lordship is the elder son of Lord Manvers, and is forty-three years of age. He was a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, and is now honorary Colonel of the 4th Volunteer Battalion Sherwood Foresters.

Sir Marshal James Clarke, new Resident Commissioner in Rhodesia, was born in 1841, and is a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Artillery. He has served as Administrator of Zululand and as Resident Commissioner in Basutoland.

Mr. Alexander Henderson, the new member of Parliament for the West Division of Staffordshire, has had the satisfaction of being elected on his first candidature. Mr. Henderson, who is forty-seven years of age, is the son of Mr. George Henderson, of Langholm, Dumfries. His commercial connections are large. A member of the firm of Greenwood and Co., Austinfriars, he serves on various important directorates. He is a director of the Great Central Railway, of the Manchester Ship Canal, and trustee of the Central Market, Buenos Ayres. He is also part proprietor of the Shelton Ironworks, North Staffordshire. Mr. Henderson is a magistrate for the county of Berkshire, where he has his country seat, Buscot Park. He takes a great interest in agriculture, and is well known as a successful exhibitor of pedigree stock at the leading shows.

Mr. Arthur Wellesley Soames, who has been elected by a majority of 1330 to represent South Norfolk in the Liberal interest, is the youngest son of Mr. William Aldwin Soames, of Brighton. He has twice before been a candidate for Parliamentary honours, which, however, were not his until the third trial, reputed lucky by the proverb. In 1892 he stood for Ipswich, and again in 1895. By this election the Unionist majority of 836 has been converted into a Liberal majority of 1330.

In connection with the decoration of Private Vickery and Piper Findlater at Netley, it is interesting to recall that the first person who had the Victoria Cross pinned to his breast by her Majesty was Rear-Admiral Henry James Raby, C.B. During the Crimean War, Rear-Admiral (then Commander) Raby, moved by the piteous appeals of a young soldier of the 57th, who, like Findlater, had been shot through both legs at the Redan, went across ninety yards of fire-swept ground and, with the assistance of two seamen, brought the injured man safely back. The ceremony of inaugurating the order of the Victoria Cross took place on June 26, 1857, Commander Raby standing first on the list of recipients.

One of the pluckiest, if one of the fool-hardest, incidents of the war was the behaviour of Lieutenant J. B. Bernadon, of the U.S. torpedo-boat *Winslow*, who, in company with two gun-boats, the *Wilington* and *Hudson*, ran his vessel into Cardenas Bay and opened fire upon three small Spanish cruisers in the docks. The Spaniards had the unusual luck to get the range of the *Winslow*, and in a few minutes totally disabled her. Still pluckily fighting her four puny one-pounders, she began to drift helplessly towards the shore, where the Spanish riflemen were awaiting her, but in the nick of time the *Hudson* came up, and with difficulty towed her off. She lost one officer, Ensign Bagley, and three men, the first Americans killed. The Navy Department at Washington has forbidden a repetition of such exploits on the part of torpedo-boats.

The late Duke of St. Albans, who died on May 10 at Brooke House, Newport, Isle of Wight, was the tenth of his line. Born on April 15, 1840, William Amelius Aubrey de Vere Beauclerk succeeded in 1849, the title being thus held during a long minority. Like his father, the deceased Duke married twice. He is succeeded by his eldest son, the Earl of Burford. The Duke was well known in yachting circles and took some interest in racing, although he was not distinguished as a stud-owner. Ill-health recently compelled his Grace to live in retirement, and his last days were spent at Sir Charles Seely's residence. In Society the Duke was well liked for his uniform courtesy and genuine kindness of heart. In politics the Duke was a Liberal, identifying himself with the Liberal Unionist party after the great split of 1886. He was a widower, and is survived by three sons and four daughters.

Great regret has been occasioned in the Waterford district by the death of one of the most popular landlords in the county, Sir Robert Joshua Paul, Bart., D.L. The only child of William Gun Paul, the deceased Baronet was educated in England and at Trinity College, Dublin, and about 1842 succeeded his uncle, Sir Joshua Paul, in the baronetcy. He owned large property in Counties Wicklow, Waterford, Carlow, and Kerry, and in his early days was a keen sportsman. After the death of his wife he gave up sport, and confined himself to the duties of public life, in which he won great distinction. His interest in agriculture was intense, the Waterford Farming Society owing its origin to his energy. He devoted unflinching energy to the work of the Church of Ireland, and especially in the dioceses of Cashel, Emly, Waterford, and Lismore,



of which he was treasurer. He was twice asked to stand as Parliamentary representative for the County and City of Waterford, but declined the honour on both occasions.

The fast thinning ranks of Crimean veterans have now lost a distinguished comrade in Lieutenant-General George Neeld Boldero, who died, aged sixty-eight, on May 6 at his London residence in Ashley Gardens. The deceased officer had a long record of service, having entered the Army in 1847. His lieutenantancy was gazetted in 1848, and his captaincy four years later. In 1854, at the outbreak of the Crimean War, he took part with his regiment, the 21st Fusiliers, in the battles of Alma and Inkermann. In the latter engagement he sustained a severe wound in the left arm. General Boldero's further promotions were the brevet rank of Major on the conclusion of the Crimean War, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1862, and Colonel in 1870. In 1880 he became Major-General, and Lieutenant-

education at King's College, London. In the earlier part of his career he was engaged in work for the Stockton and Darlington and Great Northern Railways, and became associated with Sir John Hawkshaw, the connection lasting for more than thirty years. Mr. Hayter's more important works include the Severn Tunnel, the Harbour of Refuge and Breakwater at Holyhead, the Amsterdam Ship Canal, the docks at Fleetwood, Maryport, Alderney, Hull, Penarth, Dover, and elsewhere, the Spithead Forts foundations, the Brighton sewerage and Thames Valley drainage. Mr. Hayter had an important hand in the construction of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the East London, the Metropolitan, the District, and the Charing Cross and Cannon Street Railways, and in the removal of the Clifton Suspension Bridge from London to its present position. At the time of his death, Mr. Hayter left uncompleted the most extensive of all his operations—a series of docks at Buenos Ayres. In 1892 Mr. Hayter became President of the Institution of

eyes have served her well, and the long immunity from any need for artificial aid to sight has formed habits of independence difficult to break. When driving through the streets of London last week, many who saluted the Queen were disappointed to have no look of recognition, the simple fact being that she did not observe them. Her Majesty paid a compliment, therefore, to the beauties of her Court by donning the large gold-rimmed spectacles through which she could properly see them.

The Earl of Ashburnham, the sale of whose library has just been completed, though he did not himself collect the books, is a man of strong literary tastes, a student, and a connoisseur. A man must be very rich, however, who can afford to keep on his shelves £60,000 in books, all of which he can see, for any practical purposes, in the British Museum or other libraries. He saves a heavy insurance premium every year, as well as secures an



Photo Russell.

VISCOUNT NEWARK,  
New M.P. for Newark Division of Notts.

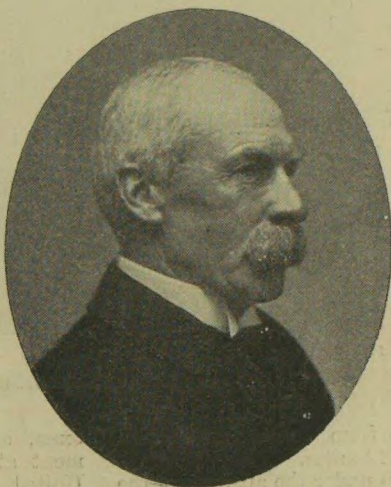


Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR MARSHAL CLARKE.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

MR. ARTHUR WELLESLEY SOAMES,  
New M.P. for South Norfolk.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

MR. ALEXANDER HENDERSON,  
New M.P. for West Division of Staffordshire.

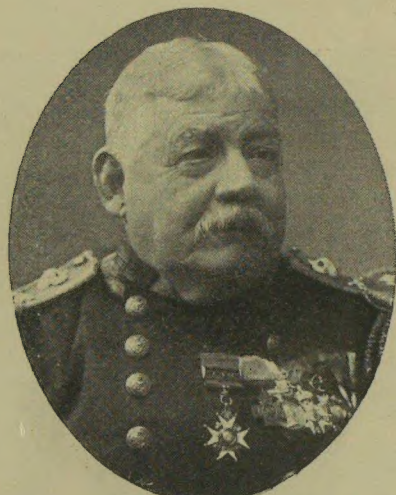


Photo Russell.

REAR-ADMIRAL H. J. RABY, V.C.,  
The first to be Decorated by her Majesty  
in Person with the Victoria Cross.



LIEUTENANT J. B. BERNADON,  
U.S. Navy.

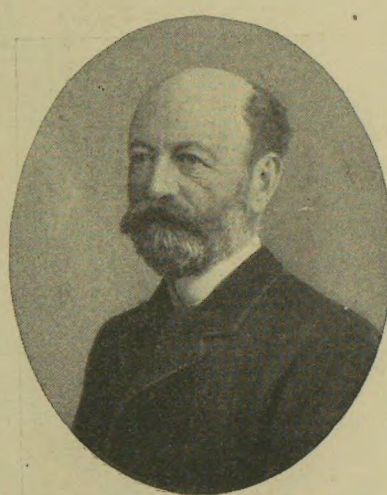


Photo Maull and Fox.

THE LATE GENERAL BOLDERO.

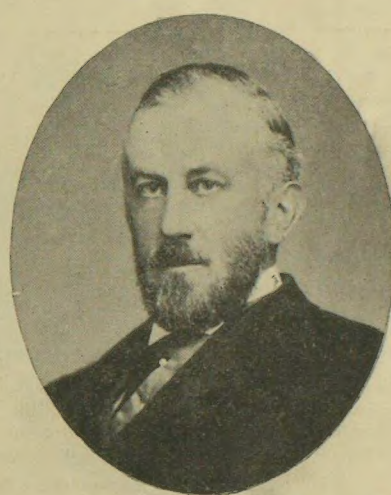


Photo Karoly, Nottingham.

THE LATE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS.

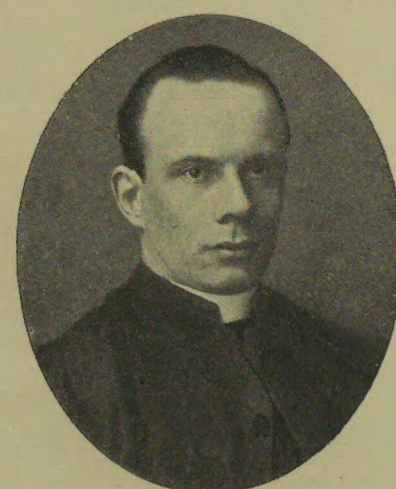


Photo Russell.

THE LATE REV. GEORGE W. GENT.

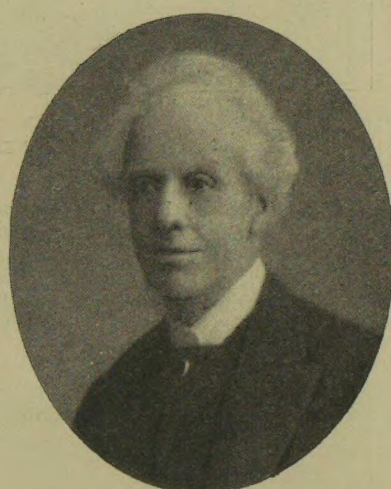


Photo Vandyk.

THE LATE MR. HARRISON HAYTER.

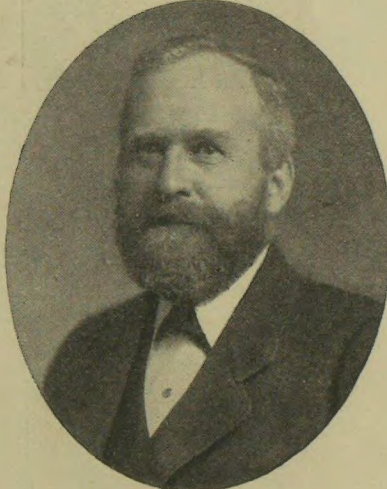


Photo Lawrence, Dublin.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES COCHRANE.



Photo Poole, Waterford.

THE LATE SIR R. J. PAUL.

General in 1885, the year of his retirement. His decorations included the Crimean medal with three clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, and the fifth class of the Medjidieh.

The late Rev. George W. Gent, Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, was a distinguished Oxford man. Leaving the University in 1876 with a first class in the Final Schools, he was almost immediately appointed Classical Master of Llandoverly School, a post he held till 1880, when he was appointed to the curacy of St. Matthew's, Westminster. In 1882 he received a tutorship at Keble College, and four years later became Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea. Only last year, on June 2, he was appointed to Lampeter, and his sudden death comes all the more severely on the college. Mr. Gent, who was in the prime of life, was married about a twelvemonth ago. His death occurred in London, where he had come to consult a physician.

A notable figure has passed away from engineering circles in the person of Mr. Harrison Hayter, who died at his Kensington residence on May 5. Mr. Hayter was born at Falmouth in 1825, and received his professional

Civil Engineers. He was a member of the Athenæum and St. Stephen's Clubs, and for some time had held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps.

A great Staffordshire ironmaster has passed away in the person of Mr. Charles Cochrane, who died on May 11 at Green Royde, Pedmore, Stourbridge. Mr. Cochrane was the eldest son of Mr. Alexander Brodie Cochrane, of The Heath, Stourbridge. For the last forty years he was connected with the distinguished firm of ironmasters which bears the name of his family. Mr. Cochrane paid great attention to the problems of his profession, and was instrumental in improving the blast furnace and in perfecting economic processes for the production of pig-iron. He was on the council of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers and had passed the presidential chair. The deceased gentleman, who was sixty-three years of age, died after a long and painful illness.

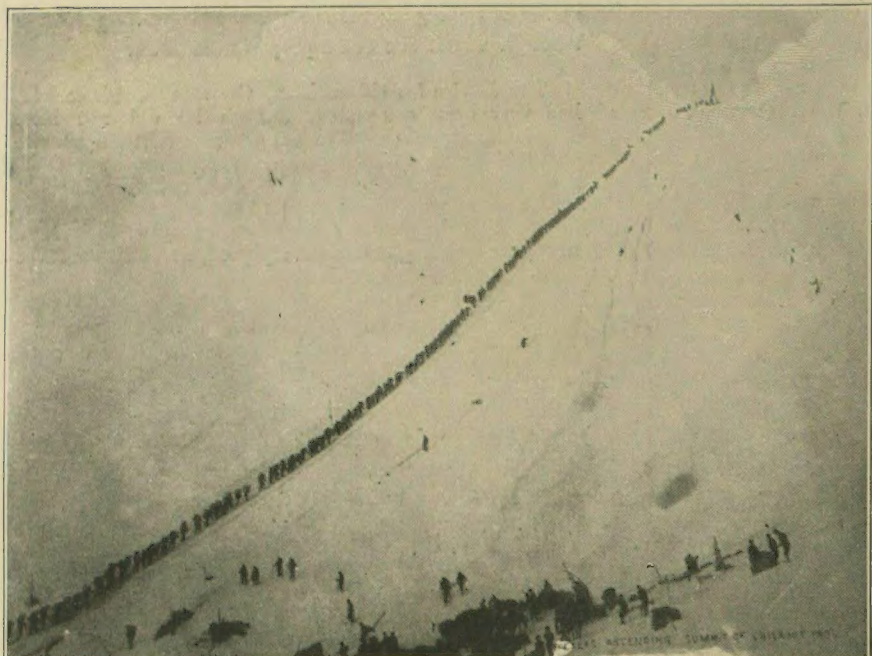
For the second time the Queen presided over a Drawing-Room the other day with an aid that still seems strange on such occasions—the aid of a pair of spectacles. They are not worn by her Majesty without a certain dislike, for her

income from the proceeds of the sale. Lord Ashburnham's manuscripts have already been sold. Other treasures that he has—including some famous Stuart relics—he is likely to retain. Lord Ashburnham has an only child—a daughter.

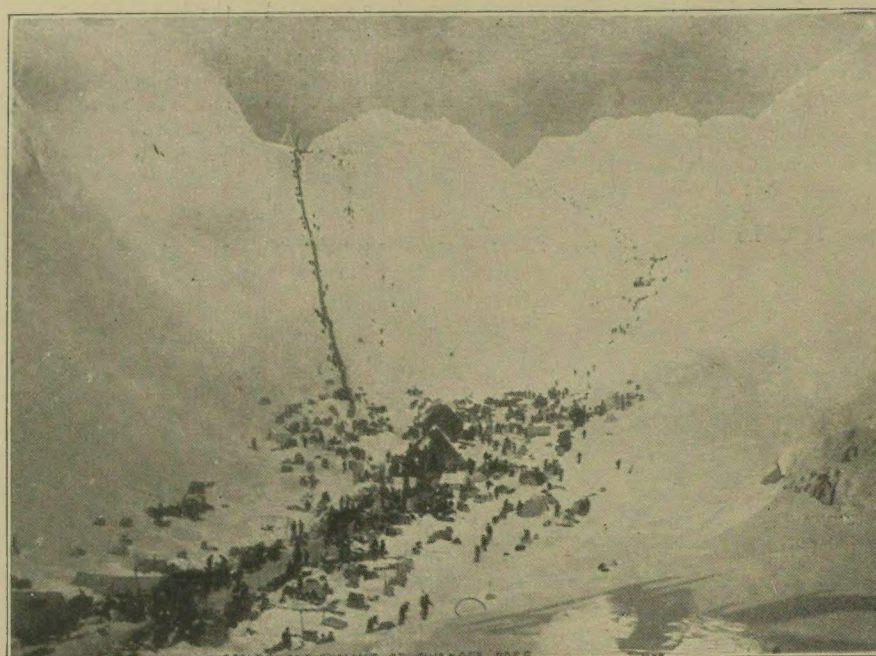
Furbelows and flounces naturally form an important feature of the new weekly paper which, under the title of the *Ladies' Home*, this week boldly challenges its older and more costly rivals with the attractive legend, "Price Threepence," but questions of costume are far from usurping more space than is their due in a publication of the kind. Matters of moment in the great world, music, art, furniture, women's sports and hobbies, culinary secrets, and the whole duties of housekeeping and hygiene, are among the subjects which supply texts for letterpress—that is invariably well informed and brightly written, and the society small-talk, without which no paper appealing primarily to a feminine public can be considered complete, is admirably up-to-date. The illustrations are plentiful and good, and the first instalment of a serial story by Mrs. Mannington Caffyn promises to maintain the reputation won by "A Yellow Aster," and recently enhanced by that far more satisfactory novel, "Poor Max."



## ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: VIEWS OF WRANGEL, ALASKA, AND THE STIKINE-TESLIN AND CHILCOOT ROUTES.

*From Photographs supplied by Captain Henry Woodside, Vancouver, British Columbia, and by Miss Peggy Webbing and Mr. H. Osborn.*

ASCENDING THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILCOOT PASS BY MEANS OF A ROPE.



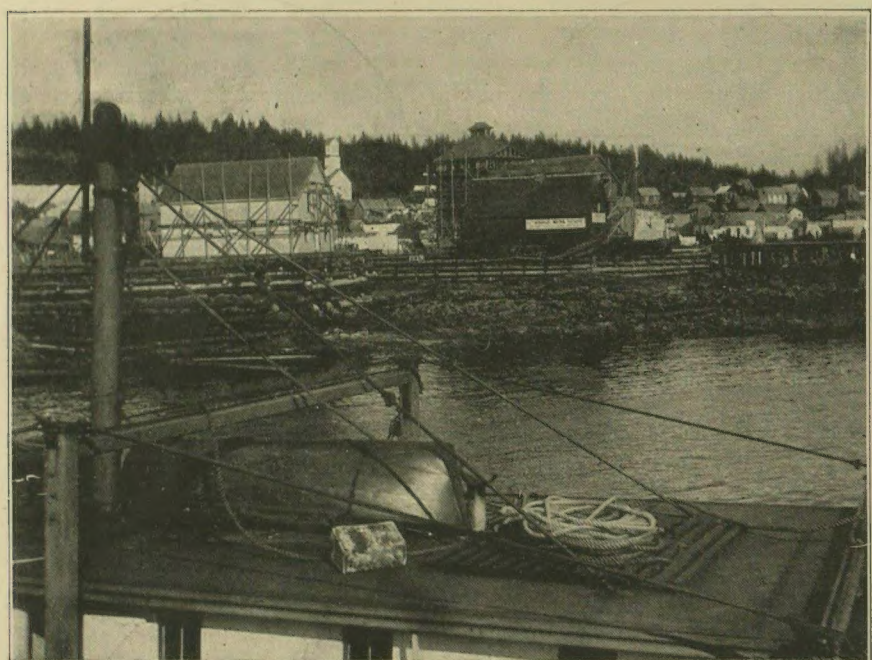
SCALING THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILCOOT PASS.

Gold-seekers travelling from the American and Canadian coast cities are landed, after an ocean voyage of seven hundred or more miles, at Wrangel, in the strip of Alaska which runs far down the British Columbia coast. They are taken up the Stikine River 140 miles by river-steamer to Glenora, at the head of navigation. They are then trans-

ported by wagon (later by train) 150 miles or less to the south end or head of Teslin Lake. From this they can travel by river-steamer, or float in their own hand-made boats, 62 miles down the lake, and 340 miles down the Hootalinqua (Teslin or Newberry) and Lewes rivers to Fort Selkirk, then 172 miles down the Yukon to Dawson

City. This is a total distance from Vancouver (British Columbia) to Dawson City of 1542 miles. This route is being opened up under the auspices of the Dominion Government of Canada and the Provincial Government of British Columbia. The Stikine route will be the principal one utilised this summer. The route by

oxen, and horses. Wrangel is an old Russian settlement at the mouth of the Stikine, handed over to the United States in 1867, when Alaska was purchased. Goods belonging to foreigners are bonded over the thirty miles between the coast line and Canadian territory. The sleepy old village, prior to the beginning of the



BEACH AND NEW BUILDINGS, WRANGEL.



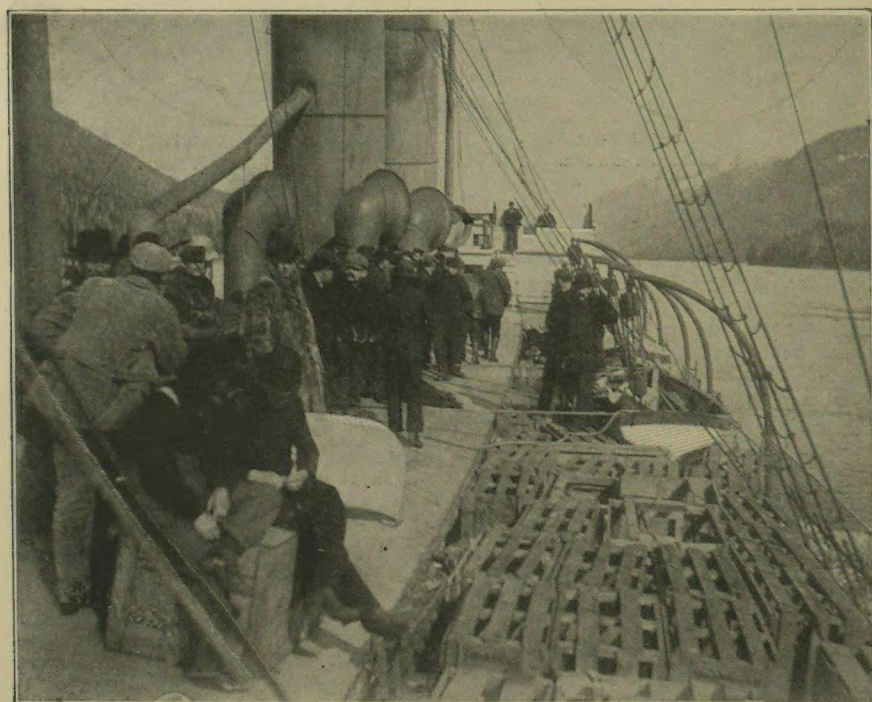
PORTAGE BETWEEN LAKES LINDERMAN AND BENNETT.

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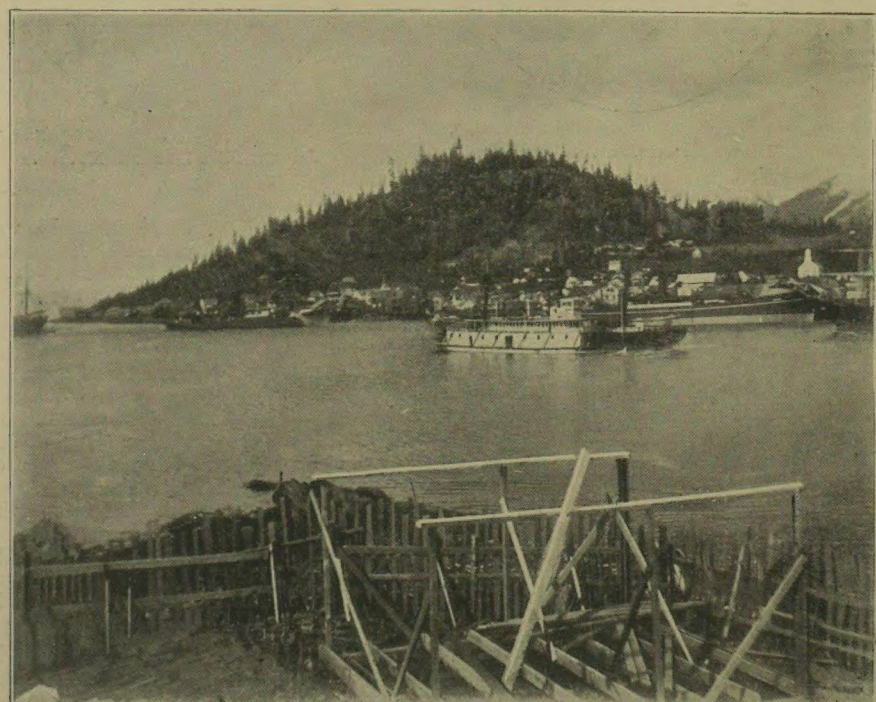
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St. Michaels and the Lower Yukon is at best a precarious one, and that over the Chilcoot and other passes will accommodate a very limited travel. An advance guard of some fifteen hundred miners went up the ice of the Stikine from Wrangel to Glenora this spring, having their outfits drawn by dogs, goats, burros,

rush, was noted for its collection of grotesquely carved totem poles, the heraldry of the Indian families. Now a town is springing up with surprising rapidity, and the Siwash natives are being crowded from their ancestral homes beside the grey seas and mist-covered mountains wet with almost perpetual rains.

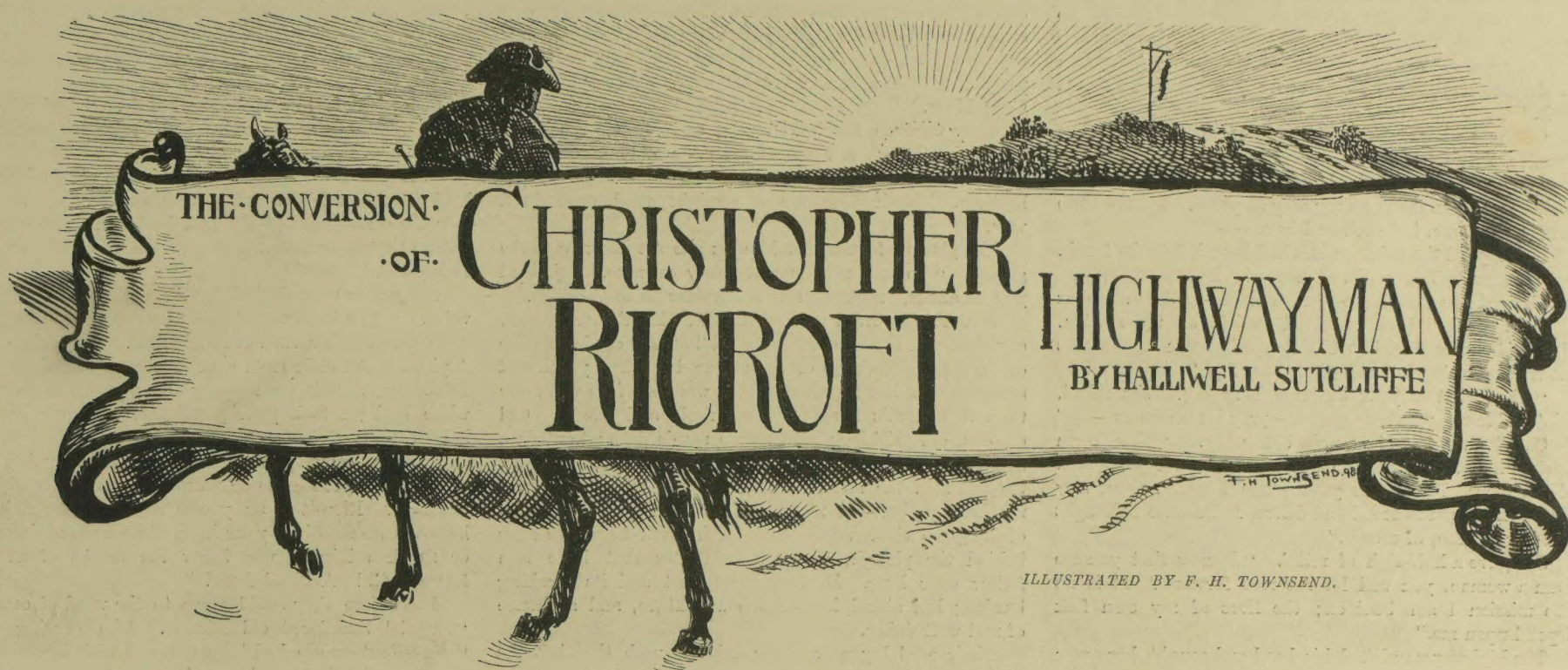


GOLD-SEEKERS, WITH THEIR DOGS IN CRATES, ON THE STEAM-SHIP "ISLANDER" ON THE WAY TO WRANGEL.



THE OUTER TOWN, WRANGEL.





ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. TOWNSEND.

CHRISTOPHER RICROFT rode slowly up the road, thinking of his sins. Nor was the scene so much amiss, if a man were bent on hearkening to his conscience. For twenty miles and over the long grey road stretched across the starlit moors. A little wind played eerily with the nodding heather tips; a far-off curlew complained unceasingly. From an ink-black sky the stars looked down, and their glance was pitiless enough.

"Food for the gallows!" muttered Christopher Ricroft, as his tired beast breasted the last hill that stood between himself and Marshcotes. "A son of the Ricrofts, and food for the gallows! Well, it was no fault of mine. I robbed; so be it. I sent a man or two—no women, though!—to the quiet place; so be it. I have lived on the rich, and given to the poor. Pish, it is not so much amiss! Yet—yet—food for the gallows! It has an uncanny sound with it. Heigho! A highwayman with a conscience, good moor; it is not every day that you have so nondescript a felon riding along your road."

Something dark loomed out ahead of him, stirring his curiosity. Something ominous, he felt it was, as he heard a subtle, tired complaining added to the wind's note.

"What is it? The wind? Nay, it has a sadder note," he murmured.

The sound troubled him; as foolish noises will, when the moor lies still beneath the starlight. He laughed to steady himself, and patted the mare on her glossy neck.

"Cheer up, lass; we must be nearly there by this time," he whispered, coaxing and tender. For the roan mare was responsive to her master's disquietude.

Christopher Ricroft brought the mare to a standstill on the sudden; he had looked at the dark mass before him, standing gaunt against the sky, and at last he understood what it was that had given the wind its eerie undertone.

"God, a sorry welcome to give a man!" said he. "Right good place for a gallows, though; they can see it for miles around—but I wish the good corpse creaked a shade less lustily."

They went down, he and the mare, at a foot-pace, stopping again when they reached the dangling, crow-picked husk that swung with the fitful wind.

"I'll drink to you later, comrade," cried the horseman, with a gallant bid for merriment. "It is only the good fellows of this world who are sent into the next at the end of a hempen cord. What was your fault, old fellow? A purse on the highroad? Well, well, I will not press the question. It might be a purse, or a sheep, or a life, but if you left the women alone, I'll drink to your very good health in a brighter world."

He rode forward briskly, but the moodiness gained on him. Nine nights out of ten he had no quarrel to pick with his way of life; but this was the tenth, and his heart was lead within him. True, the law was shy of gibbeting a son of the Ricrofts, whatever his misdemeanours might be; there was less fear of the rope for him than for his brother gentlemen of the road. But conscience was a gibbet to Christopher Ricroft at these times, and he cared not over-much if the gallows claimed their due.

The mood passed quickly, as if the night-wind had flown away with it into the empty spaces of the moor. He had his profession at heart, and there was that ahead of him which prompted professional zeal.

"A horseman abroad," he said to himself, in altered tones. "We will pass the time of night together, he and I."

He slipped his pistol from the holster. Nearer and nearer came the clang of iron beating on hard ground, until horse and rider were close in front of Christopher Ricroft. A sharp, imperious call rang out on the frosty air.

"Stand and deliver!" cried Christopher, gripping his pistol-stock.

Then—then he all but let the pistol drop from his hand, for a voice of marvellous sweetness answered his curt summons.

"What is your name, Sir? And what business have you with me?"

Under the starlight he saw the figure of a woman, wrapped in a grey cloak and hood; so nearly the colour of the road was she, in her sober garb, that Christopher Ricroft had much ado to distinguish the sweet, half-ripe curves of her figure, as she sat straight and firm in the



He gained the hill-top, and sprawled headlong in among the horses' feet.



saddle. Ladies enough he had met with in his travels, and heretofore they had found him ready enough of wit; but to-night he blundered, and felt ill-at-ease, though he could not have told you why.

"My name," said he gruffly, "is not one to be spoken in delicate company. I will spare your ears the sound of it."

"Then perhaps, Sir"—the voice was sweet still, but prouder, and it strove to conceal a little catch of fear—"perhaps you will be kind enough to let go my horse's bridle, and leave me to go my way in peace. I have little money about me, but such as I have—"

He dropped the bridle as if it had been hot to the touch.

"Money? Who spoke of money?" he cried sharply.

The girl swayed a little—just a little—in the saddle, as if her fears had been increased tenfold on the sudden. Her bridle was free, but Christopher's horse stood across the road, denying her a single bid for flight.

"Then what is your business, I repeat?" she asked, faint and low. "Let me go, Sir—pray let me go on—"

Christopher Ricroft laughed harshly. "You seem bent on harbouring pretty suspicions of a poor gentleman of the road. First, it is your purse I want; then, why did I call on you to stand and deliver? Because I thought you were a man, of course."

She gave a half-sigh of relief. "So now that you see I am a woman, you will let me ride forward? It is no idle mission I am bent on; the lives of my own folk depend upon me."

The highwayman lifted his head and sought her eyes; he was silent for a moment, listening to the creak of the gibbeted thing behind them. Then—

"I never yet wronged a lady. Will you trust me to ride with you?" he said.

"You are kind, but—" she began, wondering and distrustful.

"There may be other gentlemen of my persuasion on the road," interrupted Ricroft.

She listened to the dismal night sounds—sounds she had not heard while her horse was galloping strong, and the need for haste filled all her mind. Measureless, lonely, and grey, the moors swept behind her and before her, to left and to right. She shuddered at the thought of solitude, now that a human being stood beside her to emphasise the dreariness.

Christopher Ricroft saw the shudder and brought his horse alongside hers, taking her bridle in his right hand. "Come!" he said, in the tone of a man who must be obeyed. "You shall not finish your journey alone."

"I accept your offer. Only, you must not ride quite so near me," murmured the girl. Yet her hand had reached out towards her companion's saddle, and she was smiling to herself as she withdrew a little to the left hand of the road.

She set her nag to a canter, then to a gallop, and the highwayman kept swinging pace beside her. They passed the gallows, swart against the sky-line, but Christopher Ricroft laughed at his late forebodings; there was adventure on hand, and a lass with the sweetest voice on earth to point his way for him—no room for sorry misgivings here!

Half-way down the hill the girl's horse stumbled badly, and all but fell; but she lifted him to his feet with a quick, firm pull on the bridle.

"There is scarcely another woman in Yorkshire who could have done that so smartly," said Christopher Ricroft quietly. "Who taught you your horsemanship?"

She laughed. "Who taught me? How should I say? I cannot remember the time when the saddle was not the surest seat to me."

The highwayman dearly loved a lady's beauty; but more than beauty, or grace, or softness of voice, he loved that a lass should be a good horsewoman.

"My trade should suit you," he said; "a good horse, a good rider, and a persuasive tongue—it is wonderful what a deal they will do in this world."

The ground was rough here, and they had to go more slowly. The girl looked at him, half in rebuke, half in sheer coquettishness.

"There are too many idle flatteries in the air; do you guess what business is afoot?" said she, low and quiet.

"I care not," laughed Christopher Ricroft, "if the fairest star of all the heavens will but point the way."

"You were not bred on the hill-tops," she flashed contemptuously. "A pretty tongue and a backward courage go together. Listen awhile, and bid me good-even if you like not the job."

It was a new thing to the highwayman to be accused of cowardice, and he laughed aloud. "Tell it me," he said, with mocking seriousness.

"We fight, up here, house against house, clan with clan. I am a Ricroft; we have a blood feud with the Sunderlands. To-night they attacked the old Hall where my father, the head of the family, lives. We were few in the house, though they thought all our strength was at home: they wounded father and one of the boys—wounded them sorely—and we were too weak to make a sortie. Everything was against us; they had thrice our number, and our powder was spent. Seeing we would not come out, they set about to find fuel enough to fire the house. Luckily the wet had come in through the barn roof and made slush of hay and bracken alike; they tried to light

the litter from the mistals, but failed. There was a dry corner, though, where the bracken-litter was piled high enough to set the house ablaze. I saw the danger, and slipped out to the stables, just after they had searched them in vain, and rode on here for the lives of all my people, to summon the Ricrofts who live across Ling Crag Moor."

They were on the level again, and Ricroft the highwayman set spurs to the tired mare. "Ride on," said he, right merrily. "I have done ill deeds enough in my lifetime. Thank God for a straight road once in a way."

She glanced forward at him, as she set her nag to the gallop. "Smooth tongue and ready courage. I judged you all amiss," she said, soft as summer on the heather.

Something stirred at the heart of Christopher Ricroft, a gallant gentleman enough in all but the crude practice of his life—something of days gone by, when youth and summer were hot together, and a woman's face was more than a woman's face of sorry flesh and blood. Old dreams, old prickings of the true man's desire towards a dreamland; forgotten touches of his mother, maybe, tangled with the scent of lavender and mignonette in a northern garden—all these seemed to follow in the wake of the girl's clear voice, as the rich earth-fragrance runs behind the plough, upturning furrows that have lain fallow over long. Behind, the gibbet and its creaking burden; but ahead, honourable adventure, and a chance of real well-doing.

Their road lay now along a bridle-path that left the highway, and ran for a mile or so until it gained a square, black mass of masonry.

"Ricroft men! Ricrofts, ho!" called the girl, drawing rein at the courtyard gate.

A light appeared presently at one of the upper windows. The casement was flung open, and a rough voice cut into the darkness.

"Who calls? And what is afoot?"

"The Sunderlands are on us, and Jessie Ricroft has ridden to bring you to Croft House."

No answer came from the window, save a muttered string of curses; but a second light shone out, and then another, making the surrounding darkness seem a thing of substance, heavy and impenetrable. Then a mighty unbarring of bolts, and after that a tramp of feet on the pavestones. A laugh, with a dash in it of something not near akin to laughter, jarred on the quiet air.

"Well rid, Jessie of Croft House!" cried one of the men. "Give us three minutes to saddle, and it's a quick shrift for the Sunderland devils."

"Shall we be in time?" asked Christopher Ricroft, coming close to the girl as they waited out there in the silence.

"If God wills," she answered curtly.

"What name said you just now? Ricroft, was it?"

"Ay, and a name to be proud of, Sir." There seemed a dash of impertinence in his question, and she answered haughtily.

"I can answer for that, cousin Jessie. I am a Ricroft too."

She touched her horse and moved a little away from him; her first distrust was coming to the front again. "No Ricroft ever patrolled the highway in search of purses," said she scornfully.

"Did he not? Then my mother lied at my christening, for Christopher Ricroft am I, and a gentleman of the road is Christopher Ricroft. We left Marshcotes fifty years ago, and settled in Swaledale, and made our name a great one in the North. Am I speaking by the book, cousin Jessie, or had you never any kinsfolk who wandered farther North?"

"Cousin is yet to be proved, Sir, and Jessie I allow to none but my friends. Perchance you stole a purse from a Ricroft of Swaledale—you never could have done it from a Marshcotes Ricroft—and thus learned a useful piece of history. Will my folk never be ready?" she broke off impatiently.

"The rose has its thorn, cousin, but you carry too sharp a sting. A younger son, now, who has learnt to realise how miserly an old name is of plain bread-and-butter—whose brother succeeds to lands and fortune—who is left to keep company with his wits—cannot you understand—"

"To hell with the Sunderlands!" came the cry, as old Stephen Ricroft and his six swart sons clattered out across the courtyard.

There was no time for further words. Christopher and the girl followed hard in the wake of their kinsfolk, and the pace was a merry one, rise or level or slack, till they reached the round-topped hill that guarded Croft House.

Stephen Ricroft called a halt just before they gained the summit of the hill. A half moon had lately risen, cold and clear, above the orchard trees; it showed them the dark gables of Croft House, the blackness where the courtyard lay, the light above the doorway, set there to tempt the Sunderlands to waste powder and ball on a room untenanted. And, somewhere from behind them, there came a sound of lusty voices, cursing heartily.

"We are in time!" cried the girl. Her face, lifted to the moonlight, showed stern as a man's in its purpose, soft as a woman's in its apprehensive thankfulness.

"In time, lads," echoed Stephen Ricroft, loosening his

broadsword in its scabbard. "Strike hard, spare nobody, and to hell with the Sunderlands!"

In among the jingling of bits and stirrups sounded the voice of Christopher Ricroft, steady and cool. "The lady must wait for us here. It will not be fit for women to look on."

Old Stephen turned in the saddle. "And who may you be, youngster, to raise your voice in command?" queried he, in angry surprise.

"A Ricroft too, and a sworn foe to all foul Sunderlands," said the highwayman, with a ready laugh.

"Nay, no Ricroft," the girl broke in; "else had you known that the women fight with the men, when occasion calls for it."

His spirits were dashed by the chill scorn of word and voice. "You have no weapon," he muttered lamely.

It was Jessie's turn to laugh now. "Ay, that I have. A pistol that I stole from your holster as we rode together. Exchange, Sir, is no robbery, on your own showing a while back; I took your pistol and gave you an empty holster."

"Come, come!" growled their leader. "Are we to wait here all the night while a man and a lass bandy words together? Ricroft or no, young stranger, you'll have to keep a close mouth in your head while I am giving orders, or Stephen Ricroft will know the reason of it. Now, forward all! A blood feud!"

But before they could move to the word of command, "Stop!" thundered old Ricroft. The cursing behind them, silent awhile, had been renewed with double vigour; they turned to look, and saw, far off, a black mass of men running across the moor; between, a little lad was racing at top speed, perhaps a hundred yards away.

Things had been going hard meanwhile with the besieged. The windows of old Croft House were battered, front and back, with pistol-balls, and two out of the five men-folk lay helpless on the kitchen floor. Powder was done, and the moonlight showed a force of fifteen Sunderlands grouped about the courtyard. They had sought the stables and lathes in vain for good dry fuel, and now they had gathered on the side of the house which was bare of windows.

"It looks fearful curious," said the leading Sunderland. "Short of powder they may be, but why don't they make a sortie? They must be little short of our numbers, even if we have shot a two or three."

"Trust them Ricrofts to be up to devil's tricks," put in another. "Suppose we do break the door in, as you all seem keen to do? They'll have some pretty trap laid for us inside, and we shall be caught like rattens in a gin. We'd far better bide until they get tired of waiting, and come out of their own free will."

"Cautious Dave!" sneered old Sunderland. "I wonder now and then if thy poor skin be worth all the care thou givest it. What say you all, lads?"

"In at the door, and let cautious Dave lead us!" laughed the others.

There was a great pear-tree growing up the wall-side, and in among the branches a little lad was hiding: he had come from the farm across the hill, and his purpose had been to rob the fat Ricroft orchard while its guardians were abed. But the Sunderlands had surprised him at the job, and he had run between the gnarled old apple-trunks like a hare to its form; and when the shooting began, he had got to the house-wall whereon the Jargonelle pear-tree grew, and had skimmed up the bole of the tree with a dexterity begotten of great fright. Now he knew that there were five men and a lass within the walls; for he had driven a cow down to Croft House earlier in the evening, and had learnt that the Ricrofts, twelve strong, had ridden into Lancashire on a plundering expedition. So that when the Sunderland feud-cry rang out between the thickening pistol-shots, the little lad began to think that it would fare ill with the owners of the pear-tree, from which he was listening to the fight. Jessie Ricroft had been kind to him, and his young heart grew big with a desperate kind of courage as he thought what might happen to the girl; he was afraid still, but more for Jessie's sake than his own.

And while he waited, wondering what one lad could do against fifteen sturdy men, he heard the Sunderlands tramping to and fro about the mistals. Then a voice, crying, "Come out, Ricroft cowards, or we'll fire the house about you!" And, sharp after the words, there came a shot, and a yell of pain from the courtyard, and old Ricroft's voice bidding them fire Croft House with wet bracken if they could; for his part he believed in the thickness of his walls.

A whole year of suspense seemed to follow, until the Sunderlands came and grouped themselves under his pear-tree. One of them, the lad noticed, had his left arm tied with a kerchief. While they talked, and just as it seemed all over with the Ricrofts, now the attacking force was minded to break in the door, a sudden thought came to the boy. He left himself no time to think his way into fright, but slipped down the tree-trunk and stood in the moonlight before the fifteen swarthy men.

"Where the devil did you spring from?" demanded old Sunderland, laughing at the sight of so little a lad standing fearlessly in front of fifteen pistol-muzzles.

"From the pear-tree. I hid there when you came. I—I hate the Ricrofts—and—" He faltered in his speech: it was harder to invent a falsehood than to stand and



talk to all those big men, who might kill him at any moment.

"Yes, yes. Go on, lad; if only you hate the Ricrofts enough we'll do you no hurt. What do you want to tell us?"

"There's a hut full of dry bracken and ling and woodcutter's chips. I'll take you to it," said the lad, with a catch in his throat.

Old Sunderland came and patted him on the back. "Good little lad, good little lad! You shall have a ride on horseback for this, and a pocketful of apples, and all the buttermilk you can get into your little belly. Where is this hut?"

"I'll show you; follow me," said he, and set himself at the head of the troop, with a thrill of glee at the importance of the part he was playing in this rough fight.

Now there were two huts used for storing fuel in. One was on the Ling Crag Moor; the other two miles across the smaller Marshcotes Moor. The first was full, but the second was empty as a blown egg of what the Sunderlands sought. It had flashed into the boy's mind, when first he came down from the pear-tree, that if he could take these fifteen men across the moor, and bring them to the hut, and run as fast as his legs would carry him before they discovered its emptiness, he could get back to Croft House ahead of them and persuade the Ricrofts to hide before they returned to kill them all. That was his plan, boyish and frail enough; and God knows what would have come of it had not Jessie Ricroft been riding hard for her kinsfolk at the very moment when the lad Joe conducted his fifteen dupes out of the courtyard gate.

The Sunderlands growled and grumbled as they picked their way across the moor, and wished they had not left their horses behind them at Croft House.

"Why didn't you tell us it was so far?" asked old Sunderland.

"It's none so far, none so far," panted the lad, and hastened forward.

They reached the hut at last, and Joe slipped quietly to the rear as the foremost of the band wrestled with the fastenings of the door. By the time they had made an entry, and found the place empty alike of bracken and heath and woodcutter's chips, the little lad was a good half-mile homeward across the moor.

"Fooled!" muttered Sunderland. "Now to catch the boy and flay him, and then to batter the Croft House walls in."

A stern chase began. There is less advantage in length of limb when the road runs across heather, and Joe held a big start on his pursuers. But he tripped a mile away from home and hurt his knee in falling, and after that they gained on him yard by yard. It was all over, thought the lad, as he struggled forward, and Jessie would not be saved after all—and how sweet the Ricroft apples were—he would never taste them again.

He prayed, in his childish way, though he had little faith in Heaven, now that his pursuers were so close behind. For very fright he had kept his eyes on the ground; but he looked up now, and saw a body of horse-

Jessie Ricroft noted the action, and her heart warmed to the stranger's careless promptitude. And again old Ricroft's battle-cry rang out on the air as the moonlight showed him who were the dark figures scrambling up the brae.

"Ride them down! Trample them to hell! Spare not, spare not!"

Down the slippery steep they rode, through the scattering Sunderlands; then back again, and to and fro, until there was left but one man unwounded of the treacherous Sunderland clan, and this one had hid himself in a bushy dingle of heather. It was a black night's work enough, yet the Ricrofts had little cause to spare: rapine and unfair

slayings in the dark, and wanton hurt to cattle—these had been the breath of life to the Sunderlands; and now they were treated to a taste of their own rough methods as the rattling iron-shod hoofs struck down on face and limbs and body.

"We are well in time," laughed Stephen Ricroft, as they stood on the road once more.

But the heart of Jessie Ricroft was sick within her now that safety was sure; she could not keep her eyes from those black splashes down below among the ling; some were still, and some writhed in impotent agony, but all were terrible. It was the little lad who rescued her from the oncoming storm of tears. Leaning forward from Christopher's saddle-bow, he put one grimy hand on her arm.

"I did it to save you, because you kissed me yestre'en in the dairy," said he, with a grown man's air of chivalry accomplished in a worthy cause.

Jessie laughed, a pleasant, rounded laugh. "What did you do, Joe?" she asked.

"I heard the men saying they meant to break the door open, and I said I knew where they would find plenty of dry stuff to set the house on fire; and I led them a rare dance all across the moor, and ran as hard as I could, and thought I'd be able to get back to Croft House in time to—"

But he did not finish. The girl's arms were about him, and she had lifted him from Christopher's saddle to her own.

And afterwards, in talking to youths of his own age and prowess, Joe maintained stoutly that never in his life had he been kissed as Jessie Ricroft kissed him, there on the moonlit road between the heather-banks. He also asserted that the kisses were cheaply bought.

Then old Ricroft, grizzled and tough of heart, must



The last of the Sunderlands reeled back, and they saw that his right hand was severed by the wrist.

men standing on the hill-crest above him. Behind, he heard the cursing Sunderlands come closer and closer, till in fancy he felt rough hands about his throat; but ahead came the welcome shout, "To hell with the Sunderlands!" He knew the Ricroft feud-cry—knew that he was safe if he could but win up that steep hill-face, slippery with ling and bents. Now that safety seemed to be so near, Joe had time to think of his sprained knee, and he wondered if it would let him cover that last few yards of ground. Steady! Not fifty feet separated him from the foremost Sunderland. He was all but on the hill-top—he gained it, and sprawled headlong in among the horses' feet.

Quick as thought, Christopher Ricroft the highwayman stooped and lifted him to his saddle-bow. "Lie quiet, little lad; cling to the crupper and leave my sword arm free," whispered Christopher in his ear.



needs swing the lad between his own stout knees; and all the band gathered round, until Joe was fain to think himself a hero of no common sort. And then they all clattered down the hill, to see how it fared with the wounded men within Croft House all, that is, save Christopher Ricroft and the girl.

"Stay awhile," he whispered, drawing his horse close to hers. "I have something to say to you."

"Not to-night," said she, with a pretty feint of moving forward, and a prettier backward glance.

They stood quietly on the hill-crest, till Christopher wondered what had come to his tongue, and the girl grew impatient at his dullness of wit. And while they stood, the one unwounded Sunderland crept stealthily across the heather, knife in hand: it was the Sunderlands' way—they must strike from behind whenever possible.

"To every man comes his time," quoth Christopher, stumbling over his words. "Mine has come to-night, cousin Jessie, when the fairest lass in Yorkshire——"

From under Jessie's mare something flashed in the moonlight, and Ricroft, the highwayman, catching the flash, struck sharply downward with his sword, which he held still in his hand, as if the fight had not been over long

through it," answered old Stephen, whose skill in forecasting life or death in these cases was never called in question.

Jessie heaved a quick sigh of relief, and unfastened the long grey cloak that hid her lithe young figure. And little Joe crept to her hand like some trustful household pet, and eased his mind of a burden that had long been troubling it.

"I'm not a good boy, Jessie," he whispered brokenly. "They've been telling me I am, and I daren't say what it was that brought me into the old pear-tree. I—I—had come to rob your orchard."

Jessie laughed, and pulled his face from out the folds of her dress. "If you hadn't liked apples, Joey, there'd have been few here as cheerful as they are now."

But Christopher Ricroft, when he, too, slipped to her side and found his coward tongue again, received less comforting treatment at Jessie's hands. She looked at him with her clear grey eyes, and, "You are a brave man, cousin, and a ready," she said; "but what of the years that lie behind you? They cannot be wiped out in a single night, however fair you fight."

"Then—then——" he stammered.

## SOME OLD CHARMS.

Potent in all charms and superstitious practices wrought and suffered by our forebears was the juice of garden herbs. Here, for instance, is the record of an unworthy trick played long since upon some luckless lady, whose healthy appetite had plagued her fastidious husband to the point of anger: "Take a litel grene Basill, and whenn men bringe the dishes toe the Tabel putt it under them, that the Woman perceeve it nott. So men saie that shee will ete of non of that which is in the dish whereunder the Basill is." Here is another recipe, this time not in the nature of an unkind joke, but a remedy for sleeplessness: "Tak red Rose cakes and red Rose water, and heate till it bee thicke, and binde som of it to the Temples, and som to the soles of the Feete. So shal you slepe and be mery."

Larkspur "lifting turquoise spires  
Bluer than the sorcerer's fires."

This same was a herb-o'-grace, like rue and mallow and marjoram, and whoso carried larkspur in his hand need "have no drede of losing ladie's love, for all shal love him heartilie and with passing faithfulness that doth carrie larkspur for his posie." Moreover, "the seede of



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: THE HARBOUR OF LAS PALMAS, THE CAPITAL OF GRAND CANARY, NOW BEING FORTIFIED BY SPAIN.

From a Photograph by Nanson, Las Palmas.

ago. The last of the Sunderlands reeled back, and they saw that his right hand was severed by the wrist.

"Too fair of words, but skilled enough in action," said Jessie softly.

The sickness, the pity in the girl's breast were gone. Over-often had she heard of the misdeeds of these Sunderlands; her heart leapt up in awful joy.

"Some are dead, and all are maimed; the Sunderlands have got their due," she cried.

"But, Jessie——" began Christopher, a little shocked, it may be, at her maiden cruelty.

"Ah, yes, I know! God help us all; we have no right to kill each other."

And the girl's voice was all broken, and the tears dropped unrebuked, and Ricroft the highwayman rode slowly down the hill beside his cousin Jessie, and marvelled at the ways of these queer weaker vessels.

The wounded men were bandaged and propped up on the lang-settle by the time they reached the kitchen of Croft House. Hot rum was going freely, and old Ricroft had just awakened from his swoon to listen with renewed vigour to the story of how his kinsfolk rode back and forth across the cursed Sunderlands.

"Well done, Ricroft lads! Well done," he muttered, and swooned again from pain and loss of blood.

"Is father badly hurt?" asked Jessie breathlessly.

"No; a deep wound, and a nasty, but he will win

"No, don't despair," said she, very softly. "Wait and work—and keep a little hope to warm your heart with."

And Christopher Ricroft knew that the waiting was worth while, that even the work would prove acceptable. And old Ricroft muttered vaguely in his sleep, from the settle corner where the fire was warmest—

"Well done, lads—to hell with—killed and maimed—well done!"

"But better deeds to come," whispered Christopher the highwayman in his cousin's ear.

THE END.

## ARCHIBALD THORBURN'S DRAWINGS.

In response to numerous applications, the publishers have much pleasure in announcing that the following beautiful pictures by Archibald Thorburn have now been reprinted on plate paper, and can be obtained, price sixpence each, by post, eightpence; or ten shillings and eightpence for the set, post free—

Spent.  
The Haunt of the Bittern.  
Falcon on the Watch.  
First Drive of the Season.  
Grouse Gliding Up to the Guns.  
Merlin Seizing Her Prey.  
Through the Deep Drift.  
Wildfowl on the Mud Flats.  
Snipe Boring.  
Highland Poachers.

Successful Foray.  
Hungry Raven.  
Terns: a Sheltered Corner.  
Home of the Ptarmigan.  
Bustards at Sunrise.  
Condemned to Death.  
On the Outlying Beat.  
Daybreak on the Twelfth.  
Woodcock Dropping into Cover.  
A Drive.

INGRAM BROTHERS, 198, Strand.

the garden Larkspur drunken in wine or yperas is very good and fine agen the stinging of scorpions. And, indeed, this Hearb cast down before the scorpion, maketh him blind and deaf, and of no force to bite." And if one's eyes grew dull with weeping there were fumitory-juice and eyebright-water to restore their clearness; and if they dimmed with sickness there was no help so good and faithful as that of willow-juice; and if one's beauty faded, outpacing even passing girlhood in its hurry of flight, was there not cowslip-water wherein to bathe the fading face, and tansy-cakes whereof who ate would grow young again? And to keep enchantment from the house there was but the trouble of tying up a bunch of squills on the house-door; and to keep luck in, what so easy as to keep whin-flowers out? But the whin came in sometimes, and Death with it, and then the rosemary that had served the bride might serve the dead house-mistress too. So simple a thing was life (or death) to these foremothers of ours!

A correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, writing from Madrid, remarks that every Englishman one meets in Spain seems to have seen at least one part of a bull-fight, and generally says he has no wish to see any more. The Briton's love of good horseflesh, it appears, rebels against the brutal usage which the picador's steed too often receives in the encounter.



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: SCENES ON GRAND CANARY ISLAND, NOW BEING FORTIFIED AND PROVISIONED BY SPAIN.

*From Photographs by Nanson, Las Palmas.*



TROOPS ROAD-MAKING ON THE ISLETA.



A SPANISH SOLDIER OF THE 17<sup>TH</sup> CAZADORES.



BREAKFAST-TIME ON THE ISLETA.



THE PLAZA DE SANTA ANA, LAS PALMAS, WHERE THE MILITARY MASS WAS CELEBRATED.



THE PORT OF LAS PALMAS AND THE ISLETA, WHERE TWO BATTERIES ARE NEARING COMPLETION.



## LITERATURE.

## TISSOT'S "LIFE OF CHRIST."

M. Tissot's "Life of Christ," comprising three hundred and sixty-five compositions from the four Gospels, with notes and explanatory drawings by the artist, has just been published by Sampson Low in London and by Lemercier in Paris in a set of very handsome volumes. M. Tissot is an artist of extraordinary ability and imaginativeness. He has begun by setting on one side all the old conventions which have gathered around the handling of the personality and work of Christ, and has made the definite attempt to restore the events of Scriptural history, so far as the New Testament is concerned, from a realistic standpoint. He has not taken the trouble to turn the peasantry of the Apostles into the aristocracy of a picturesque civilisation, but he has given you the true types as (so it appears to him) they were chosen by Christ for the labours of their lives. He has, moreover, restored the geography and surroundings of that life as nearly and as correctly as he could by careful examination of the places and historical associations with which it was connected. A most interesting portion of the volumes is the exposition, as it were, of the processes by which the pictorial productions in their most important development have been built up. Types of Jews, of Oriental children, of scenic effects, of historical buildings, show the material upon which his imagination has been at work. The result is, let us say, that marvellous picture of the carrying of Christ by the Spirit of Evil to a high mountain: the inscrutable expression of the face and the terrible suggestion of the dim demon are worked out with wonderful insight and solemnity of feeling. Then, from the purely artistic point of view, there is much that is brilliant in the illustrations. Nothing could be more tender in its way, to take one example, and more sweetly impressive than "Jesus teaching on the Sea-shore," in which both the grouping and the landscape are exquisitely worked out. This is but one out of many no less fine. In a word, in these volumes M. Tissot has produced something very like a masterpiece.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

## THE NEW BYRON.

It is customary, when a visitor lands for the first time in New York, for several interviewers to meet him at the Custom House with the very polite inquiry, "How are you impressed, Sir, by the institutions of this great country?" You are prepared to be very favourably impressed, but you have had, as yet, no opportunity of forming a judgment. In the same way, it is rather hard that the benevolent reviewer should be asked what he thinks of Mr. Murray's "new Byron" when only one volume—out of, I suppose, about twenty—is as yet in his possession. What, in Apollo's name, is to be said to-day in extenuation of "Hours of Idleness," except that the author had not yet completed his nineteenth year? What but purely bibliographical remarks are left unmade with regard to those old-fashioned levities, "The Waltz," "Hints from Horace," and "The Curse of Minerva"? The one piece of literature in the volume before us is "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which, had not its subjects been so entertaining and the future of its author so brilliant, would be less known to-day than "The Rosciad," and inferior in popularity to the anti-De-la-Cruscan satires of Gifford.

All that can at present be said of the new edition is that it has a photogravure from Lord Lovelace's miniature by James Holmes (whom Byron, by the way, is said to have pronounced the first of living miniaturists), that it has a mild blue binding, studded with coronets, that it is printed in agreeable type on good white paper, and that all the apparatus, editorial and otherwise, appears to be competent. It also possesses a considerable number of hitherto unpublished verses by the fiery young nobleman, every one of which might just as well have continued to languish in obscurity. Let me not be construed into hinting that the book is in any way disappointing. On the contrary, this brick seems to prefigure a handsome house.

\* *The Life of Our Saviour Jesus Christ.* By James J. Tissot. (Sampson Low.)  
† *The Works of Lord Byron.* Vol. I. (John Murray.)

Very curious, this sudden violent revival of Byron! It is partly the result, no doubt, of the exhaustive attention already paid to Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats. It was necessary that editors should turn our attention to another Georgian poet, but who was there? Lord Salisbury's dictum about the living and the dying nations extends to poets, and especially to those of the beginning of the present century. Nothing can revive Rogers, Southey, Moore, who were once on the very crest of Parnassus. They are not precisely dead, but they have

with what Byron has composed of true and exquisite poetry. It would be difficult, I think, to pare away his slipshod work and leave him two hundred pages. What Byron, therefore, is now called upon to give to the young troop of his admirers is not purely poetic. It is legitimate enough, but it is not poetic. It is concerned, not with the divine ecstasy of perfect verse, but with Byron's character and career. His unmatched adventures, his Olympian charm, his power of melting the sphere of letters in the sphere of action, all the mystery and scandal, all the intensity and the romance of his plunge through life—these, I am convinced, are what have revived that which never, indeed, can for a long while be dulled, the brightness of Byron. We are so far from him now, moreover, that the vulgarisms which surrounded him begin to take a colour from the setting sun; and there are those who sentimentalise over the gross Georgian style. He was, at his fortunate moments, a brilliant poet of the second rank; but the real secret of Byron's position was revealed once for all by Goethe when he declared that a man so pre-eminent for character had never existed in literature, and would probably never appear again.

EDMUND GOSSE.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

The Rev. Matthew Russell, of Dublin, whose enthusiasm for poetry has long since won for him the affectionate regard of many poets, both English and Irish, is about to publish through Messrs. Longmans an anthology entitled "Sonnets on the Sonnet." The volume will open with a sonnet-dedication to Mrs. Meynell, and the collection, I gather from a preliminary note, will contain one hundred and fifty-seven sonnets, the subject of each of which is the Sonnet itself regarded from some point of view. Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Henley are to be represented in the volume, which should commend itself to every lover of poetry.

The historical novel is persistently with us nowadays, but writers have generally preferred a more distant period of time than that which Mr. Douglas Sladen has selected for his new romance, "The Admiral." Mr. Sladen's story is based upon incidents in the life of Admiral Nelson, and practically introduces the actual career of the great naval hero in the year 1798, including, of course, the presence of Lady Hamilton, whom an attempt is made to rehabilitate. The author, I gather, proposes to make Nelson virtually defend his conduct with regard to that beautiful woman.

Mr. Frank Mathew, whose last published story, "The Spanish Wine," appeared to me to be one of the most beautiful historical romances that I have ever read, will shortly publish yet another historical novel dealing with Queen Mary during her imprisonment at Fotheringhay. Those who remember Sir Walter Scott's powerful description of the imprisonment of Mary at Lochleven, in "The Abbot," will think that Mr. Mathew is perhaps somewhat too rash; but this young writer, one of the most promising products of the new Irish literary movement, has shown so original a capacity in "The Spanish Wine" that I look forward to his new experiment with very keen interest.

All of us who are interested in Shakspeare questions have been reading Lady Newdigate-Newdigate's "Gossip from a Muniment Room." The same writer is about to publish "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor," and in this case Lady Newdigate-Newdigate's book will be as interesting a supplement to our knowledge of George Eliot as her other

volume was to our knowledge of Shakspeare. It would seem that the scene of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" was laid at Arbury in Warwickshire, the Cheverel Manor of George Eliot; and Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel were intended to represent Sir Roger Newdigate and his second wife. Lady Newdigate-Newdigate informs us how it came to pass that George Eliot had this intimate knowledge of the Newdigate family. George Eliot's father, it would seem, was married twice, she being a daughter by the second marriage. Robert Evans's first wife had been in the service of the Newdigates at Arbury, and Evans himself was bailiff of the estate. George Eliot was born at the South Farm, within the precincts of the park at Arbury; and Lady Newdigate-Newdigate informs us that the novelist more than once exactly describes the housekeeper's room at Arbury. C. K. S.



THE LAST SERMON.

Reproduced from Tissot's "Life of Christ," by Permission of Mame et Fils, Tours.

sunken to innocuous, private positions; they are "great powers" no longer. Then come dubious figures, Crabbe, Landor, Campbell, men of indubitable talent, not at this moment popular, but with possibilities of future glory. And then the "great powers"—Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Scott. The generation which has just passed away declined, on the whole, to put Byron on a level with those five, efforts being occasionally made, under the championship of Mr. Swinburne, to kick him down into the limbo of Moore. But the general conscience never agreed to this, and Byron began, in an inconvenient way, to float vaguely about in the



THE CRUCIFIXION.

Reproduced from Tissot's "Life of Christ," by Permission of Mame et Fils, Tours.

critical inane. His turn has come once more; his position is regulated; he builds a capital and buys a navy. He is Italy, let us say, among the nations.

That Byron can ever be accepted again by the finest ears in England, as Lamartine, for instance, has been reinstated in France, is what I cannot believe. All the tendency of the best criticism is to free itself of the intolerable burden of the ages by rejecting, by burying, all that is not the best of its kind, all that is not quintessential. From every writer that has lived, in ancient or modern times, this test will scorch away a great part of his productions, but it leaves no man of equal reputation so bare as it leaves Byron. It is not to be believed that anyone of authority can hold that one of these handsome volumes of Mr. Murray's could be filled



## THE NEW GALLERY.

Twenty years ago, more or less, when the Grosvenor Gallery was first opened as a protest against the Philistinism of the Royal Academy, we were led to hope or to expect that under its ægis a new era was dawning for British art. The New Gallery, some few years later, took up the task in an even more severely æsthetic spirit, and, it was presumed, would bear aloft the standard of high art which had been so ruthlessly lowered by the dictator of the Grosvenor Gallery. Years have gone by, bringing with them annual exhibitions, one year differing but little from its predecessor and scarcely distinguishable from its successor. With the exception of Sir E. Burne-Jones, it would be difficult to point to any painter whose career has been in any way identified with the Grosvenor or the New Gallery. Several may have made an early appearance at one or other; but they have promptly drifted away to Burlington House and have seemingly preferred to figure among the crowd there than to retain their place among the élite of the New Gallery.

We do not pretend to explain this defection, and we should not regret if only these seceders or lukewarm adherents were replaced from year to year by painters of promise, if not of achievement. But this is very far from being the case. The New Gallery has its "old stagers," who are every whit as stale and unprofitable—in teaching us anything about their art—as the veriest barnacles who cling to the walls of Burlington House. Beyond the certain prominence given to works of a pseudo-archaic style, in which Mr. Strudwick and Mrs. Stillman are the

the strength of the heraldic monster on the knight's shield, being, in fact, almost as strongly painted as if it were a real animal.

Mrs. H. M. Stanley's "Water Lily" and the Hon. John Collier's Lady Godiva are praiseworthy studies of nude figures, displaying firmness of touch as well as gracefulness of outline; while Mr. W. Holman Hunt's "The Beloved" is an exaggeration of the hard, uncompromising style in which his later figures have been conceived. Mr. G. Spencer Watson's portrait of Miss Edith Brock shows that this rising young artist can paint with delicacy as well as with strength.

Mr. Alfred Parsons' "Studies of Gardens," bright with sweet-williams; Mr. Hennessy's "October Evening," Mr. R. W. Allan's masterly view of Cordova, Mr. Arthur Ryle's "Gallows Hill," with a fine treatment of a lurid sunset under dark clouds; Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Arcadia," Mr. Arnold Helckée's "Summer Morning," and Mr. J. S. Eland's portrait of Mrs. Murray of Elibank, are among the few pictures which arrest attention by qualities which usually find favour with lovers of nature and painting.

## TWO AMERICAN WAR-SHIPS.

The United States gun-boat *Wilmington*, which took part in the dashing but futile attack on Cardenas on May 12, was built in 1895 and is a twin with the *Helena*, built in the

following year. Her length is 250 ft., and her sea-speed about twelve knots. The *Wilmington* carries protective armour. Her guns are eight quick-firers, ranging from 4·7 in. to 7 in. calibre, and six small quick-firing guns.

The *Nashville*, which opened the war by capturing the *Buenaventura*, is classed officially as a gun-boat. She was built in 1895. Her length is 220 ft. and her sea-speed estimated at 12·5 knots. She is protected, and carries nine quick-firing guns of similar calibre to those of the *Wilmington*; also six small quick-firing guns. The *Nashville* has again distinguished herself in the attack made on Cienfuegos on May 11, when, in company with the *Windom* and *Marblehead* she was hotly engaged for three hours, losing two men killed and seven wounded. Captain Maynard and Lieutenant Winslow, of the *Nashville*, narrowly escaped death, one having his uniform torn by shrapnel and the other being covered with the debris. The captain happened to be forward, at the time he was wounded. The bullet which did the mischief passed through the shoulder of an ensign, who was near Captain Maynard at the time. The war-ships employed their most formidable artillery during this engagement, and seem to have done considerable execution among the Spaniards, who had extemporised a fort out of an old lighthouse and had at least one heavy masked battery. Several shots from the former struck the vessels without inflicting serious injury.



Photo Mr. A. M. Simpson, Galveston, Texas.

THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "NASHVILLE."

THE VESSEL WHICH FIRED THE FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR ACROSS THE BOWS OF THE "BUENAVENTURA."

most eminent workers, there is no school or branch of art which can be distinctly associated with the New Gallery, unless it be thought that M. Fernand Khnopff deserves a special niche; and so far as can be judged from the present year's exhibition, there is no prospect of any immediate revolution being inaugurated by its directors.

Mr. Sargent, having exhausted his full privileges as an Academician, sends four more portraits to the New Gallery, of which that of Mrs. Thursby is the most salient, and that of Mrs. Ernest Franklin the most attractive. Both of them are vivacious and full of expression; but in his portrait of Mrs. Anstruther Thompson the artist, doubtless unintentionally, conveys the idea of a modern Lady Macbeth. Mr. G. F. Watts, who is also partial to the New Gallery, contributes two portraits—one of a child, under the title of "Early Spring," full of grace and delicate colouring, and one of his melancholy "moralities," "The Vision of Dry Bones," which serve at once as texts for sermons and fields for the imagination. Mr. E. A. Abbey's "Poet"—or improvisatore declaiming to a group of ladies in an avenue of cypresses, is rich in colour but somewhat meagre in interest. Sir Edward Burne-Jones is represented by an episode from "The Prioress's Tale," in which, for once, he forsakes his morbid tones, and throws colour into his figures and the surrounding landscape. In his armour-clad figure of St. George he reverts to his more ordinary methods, but the effect of the picture is marred by



THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "WILMINGTON."

Photograph by Burton, developed by Byron, New York.



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.—THE BATTLE OF ATBARA: THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS FIRING OVER THE ENEMY'S ZAREBA, AND THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS CHARGING THROUGH THE OPENINGS.

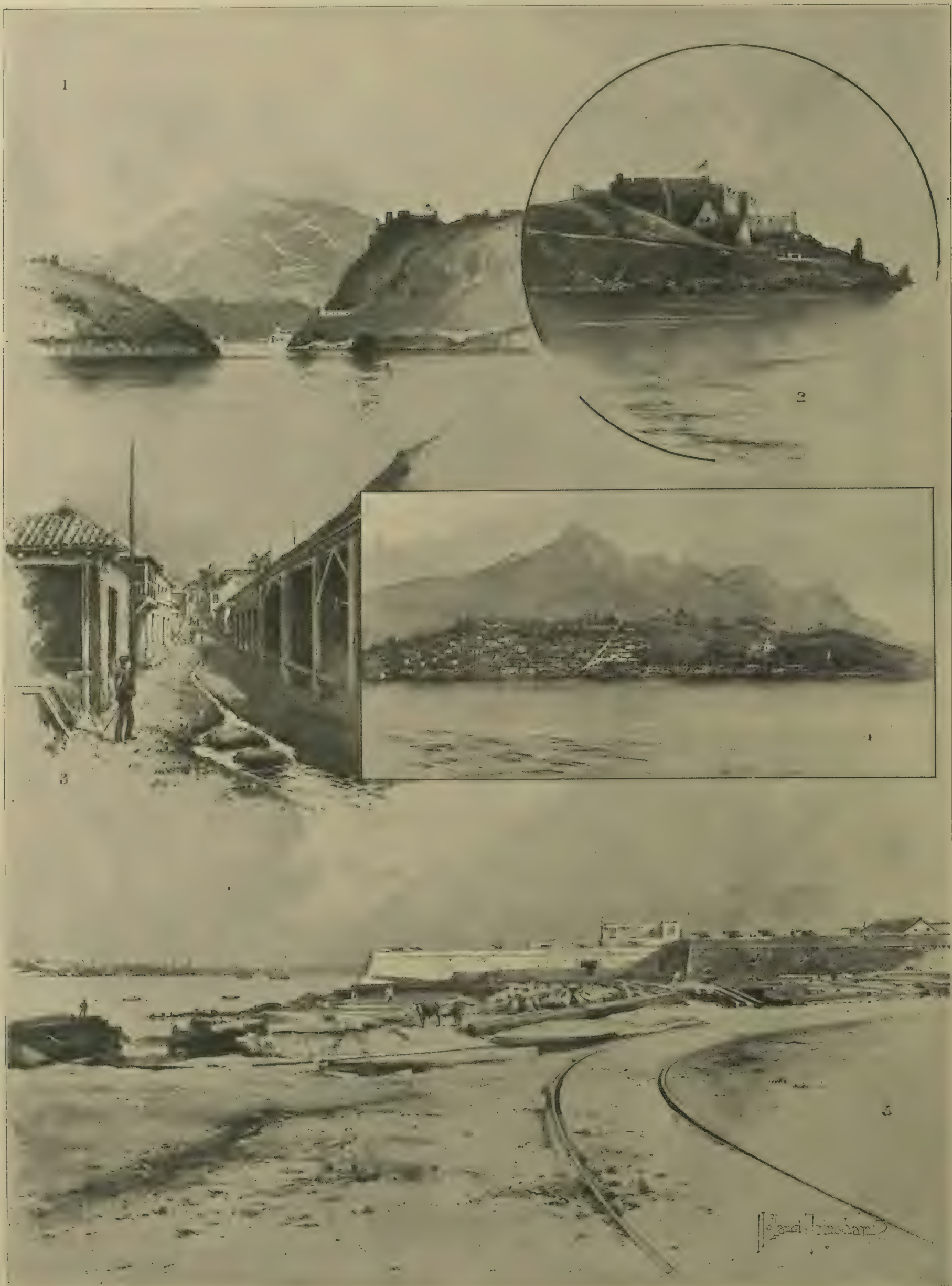
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY CORPORAL FARQUHARSON, C COMPANY, 1ST SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

This Sketch shows so much artistic talent that we reproduce it in facsimile.



# THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: VIEWS ON THE COAST OF CUBA.

*From Sketches by Mr. F. C. Osborne, R.N., H.M.S. "Dido."*



1. Entrance to the Harbour, Santiago de Cuba.

2. Castle, seen from within the Harbour, Santiago.

3. A Street in Santiago.

4. Santiago de Cuba viewed from the Harbour.

5. Fort de la Punta, opposite Morro Castle, Havana.



THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR.



CAMP OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AT GOVERNMENT PARK, CHICKAMAUGA, GEORGIA.

*From a Photograph by R. E. M. Saverkrop, Chattanooga.*



THE HARBOUR, WILLEMSTAD, CURAÇOA.



FORTS AT THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE, WILLEMSTAD, CURAÇOA.



WILLEMSTAD HARBOUR: APPROACH TO THE DRAWBRIDGE FROM THE TOWN.



DRAWBRIDGE ACROSS THE HARBOUR, WILLEMSTAD.

FOUR VIEWS OF CURAÇOA, WHERE THE SPANISH FLEET COALED AND PROVISIONED ON MAY 14.



THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR.



ADMIRAL MONTOJO.  
WHO COMMANDED THE SPANISH SQUADRON DEFEATED OFF MANILA.



FORTIFICATIONS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF SAN JUAN, CAPITAL OF PORTO RICO, BOMBARDED BY THE AMERICAN SQUADRON UNDER ADMIRAL SAMPSON, MAY 12.



GENERAL RAMON BLANCO.  
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CUBA.



ARSENAL.

"ALFONSO XII."

WRECKAGE OF THE "MAINE."

"BAGUAN."

CADALLENDA QUAY.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF HAVANA.



Oquendo, Cruiser.

Torpedo-Boat.

Cristóbal Colon, Cruiser.



Torpedo-Boat.

Vizcaya, Cruiser.

Torpedo-Boat.

Infanta Maria Teresa, Cruiser.

Torpedo-Boat.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: VESSELS OF THE SPANISH SQUADRON WHICH LEFT CURAÇOA ON MAY 15.





New York. Marblehead. Texas. Terror. Iowa. Indiana. Amphitrite.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: VESSELS OF THE UNITED STATES NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON WHICH BOMBARDED SAN JUAN, CAPITAL OF PORTO RICO, ON MAY 12, UNDER COMMAND OF REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON.



## THE OPERA SEASON.

On Monday, May 9, the Opera Season opened with a performance of "Lohengrin." As is customary on such occasions, the National Anthem was first sung, the bust of the Queen having been placed in the centre of the stage. The house was, of course, a brilliant one; all the boxes were filled; both the Prince and the Princess of Wales were present, and there was scarcely a vacant seat. The performance of the opera was certainly not an ideal one, but it would be absurd to make general auguries from such an insignificant point. It had been said that the chorus had been vastly improved, but really we did not find any radical change. The "leaders" placed in front at both sides of the stage in the first act of "Lohengrin" were as stolid, as uninterested, as indifferent as ever, simulating a knowledge of Lohengrin's boat, for example, which from their position they could not possibly see, and generally displaying sad lack of enthusiasm. Madame Emma Eames as Elsa showed a charming distinction, and at times a positive fascination. She sang extremely well, and acted creditably, with the greatest possible carefulness and attention. M. Van Dyck as Lohengrin began poorly, with his tremolo in its most pronounced stage of aggressiveness; but he finished well, his singing in the love-duet showing real fire and great vocal merit. Miss Marie Brema is, of course, a distinguished Ortrud, but it is impossible not to feel that she would do well to refrain from over exaggeration—we use the prefix "over" advisedly. Ortrud should not attitudinise on the Cathedral steps; still, Miss Brema cannot be other than artistic and intelligent. A newcomer, Herr Feinhals, made a distinctly good impression as Telramund, and Mr. Pringle's Herold was excellent. M. Edouard de Reszko did not strike us as being at his best, and Signor Mancinelli conducted carefully.

Tuesday brought us a performance of "Roméo et Juliette" with two new-comers in the principal parts, Miss Suzanne Adams and M. Saleza. Miss Adams made a brilliant début. She has a very charming voice, tender, pure, and sympathetic, and her technical accomplishment is little short of superb. In many ways she reminds one of Melba, both in the quality of her voice and in her manner of phrasing. M. Saleza's Roméo was satisfactory, but perhaps a little wanting in sincerity. It was in a later opera that this singer was to prove his singular merits. M. Gilbert's Capulet was, of course, an old story, but he retold it very agreeably indeed. M. Plançon was, of course, an impressive Frère Laurent; and Signor Mancinelli, in conducting this music, found it easy to achieve something not far from perfection.

The performance of "Die Walküre" on Wednesday brought a new conductor on the scene, in the place of the late Anton Seidl—namely, Herr Zumppe (called by the eccentricities of various printers in many quarters either Lumpe, Jumps, or Tumps). The new-comer is a man of great quietude in manner, and is quite capable of deceiving those who insist upon judging a conductor by his way of conducting, and not by the effect he produces. In this case, we are bound to give him the highest praise for his interpretation of "Die Walküre." In a way, that interpretation was new; this musician, indeed, omitted the extreme expression of barbarism to which most modern conductors are prone, and he made the music sing to us just as it was placed upon the score by Wagner. The consequence was that at times he underplayed; but for the most part he showed the beautiful side of the music with wonderful completeness. Miss Marie Brema's Brünnhilde was a glorious performance; and Herr van Rooy, who made his first stage appearance as Wotan, was splendidly impressive. Herr Costa and Madame Czuick were the Siegmund and Sieglinde, and they were quite satisfactory, within limits. Miss Meisslinger and Mr. Lemprière Pringle as Fricka and Hunding contributed creditably to what can only be described as a very remarkable performance.

Thursday brought us "Faust," with Madame Eames as Marguerite, and the most useful Bonnard in the title rôle. Madame Eames was exceedingly good. She does not act the peasant part from a peasant's point of view; rather, she is the *grande dame* descending to masquerade as a peasant. The result is one of much beauty, despite its unlooked-for originality. M. Plançon, for a wonder, pleased us less than he had ever done before in the part of Mephistopheles; but many of the minor parts were acted and sung quite pleasantly.

On Friday we had a wonderfully impressive performance of "Carmen," in which M. Saleza carried all before him in the part of Don José. In the first act he was particularly good by reason of his quiet and careful preparation, but without a trace of self-consciousness, for the culminating tragedy of the piece. He succeeded in conveying the sense of a development then and there in the character of the soldier reluctantly submitting to a too powerful fascination. After that the later acts were justified by the extreme of passion to which he carried them. Moreover, he sang exceedingly well. Mdlle. de Lussan's Carmen was more interesting than we have known it previously. She adopted the less feminine and sexual aspect of the character and emphasised its craft, its elusiveness, its cunning, with great effectiveness. Miss Adams's Micaela was most beautifully sung, and under M. Elton the orchestra was quite excellent.

Saturday brought us "Tristan," with Jean de Reszko as Tristan and Madame Nordica as Isolde. It was a magnificent performance. In the second act Herr Zumppe showed his power of conducting at its best. The love duet could not have been better. The two singers combined with the beautiful orchestration to produce an electrifying effect. Jean de Reszko showed us, if anything, a better Tristan than he gave us last year. He has added to the graciousness, the chivalrous aspect of the character, and his phrasing, from the vocal point of view, was most exquisite. Madame Nordica's Isolde was unequal—has there ever been an Isolde who has not shown inequality?—but in the tenderer, the softer parts, she was exceedingly good; and Miss Brema's Brangäne could not well have been bettered. Herr van Rooy was the Kurwenal, and he sang the part magnificently. His acting struck us as just a trifle overdone, but for his singing everything is to be forgiven. Mr. Pringle made all he could out of the difficult part of King Mark, and the staging was altogether satisfactory.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

FIDELITAS.—Thanks for your letter. The confidence shall, of course, be respected. We will examine the problem and report as requested.

A P A.—We have not the book at hand. If you will send us a diagram of the problem we shall be pleased to tell you whether it is right or wrong.

A L S.—Many thanks. We will play the game over, and shall be pleased to publish it if we think it suitable for our purpose.

UPENDRANATH MAITRA (Chinsurah).—If Black play 1. P to Kt 3rd, 2. Kt to K 7th (ch), K to K 4th, 3. Q to Kt 2nd is an obvious mate.

G. DE M. (Brussels).—We hope to be able to publish the game you so kindly send, to the satisfaction both of our readers and your friends.

J. ARMSTRONG CHALLICE.—Your record is very interesting, and we wish we had space to do it justice. The same difficulty prevents our referring to your prize offer.

A F (Newcastle).—We will report on the present one first. Thanks for problem.

H GRAY (Windsor).—Yes, we had made up our mind that it was rather below our standard, but we shall be glad to examine your further contributions.

H M PRIDEAUX (Bristol).—We shall examine them with pleasure, and hope to find them acceptable.

A G FELLOWS (Battersea).—Your letter quite clears up the misunderstanding. We shall report upon the problem.

C W (Sunbury) and PERCY HIND.—Many thanks.

G DOUGLAS ANGUS.—If Black play 1. K to K 4th, 2. Q to B 6th, mate.

W H GUNDRY.—One of your two-movers is cooked by 1. R to K 6th (ch), and the other is too simple for our use.

H STONACH (Bowden).—We are very pleased to hear from so old a correspondent. Your problem shall receive immediate attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2814 received from W. R. James (Bangalore) and C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2816 from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2818 from Charles Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2819 from C. E. Perugini, Fidelitas, S. W. F. (Harrogate), and C. E. M. (Ayr); of No. 2820 from Edward J. Sharpe, Fidelitas, H. S. Brandreth (Madrid), C. E. M. (Ayr), A. P. A. (Bath), H. J. Plumb (Wotton-under-Edge), C. E. M. (Clifton), Hereward, T. C. D. (Dublin), Steyning, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Hermit, and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2821 received from C. E. Perugini, C. M. A. B. Shadforth, H. Le Jeune, S. W. F. (Harrogate), C. E. H. (Clifton), Edward J. Sharpe, F. Brown (Bermondsey), M. Hobhouse, T. E. R. (Rainhill), Hermit, J. Desanges (Bournemouth), Mr. Wilson (Plymouth), Hereward, W. H. Taylor (Highgate), Fidelitas, Alpha, Mrs. W. Watkins, G. H. Bowden (Reigate), Julia Short (Exeter), F. Hooper (Putney), Thomas Charlton, Alan Margetts, John M. Robert (Crossgar, County Down), M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), G. Hawkins (Canterbury), Richard A. Blackburn, W. Floyd (Hunstanton), Joseph Willcock (Chester), L. Penfold, M. H. M. (Southsea), R. T. Levery (Limerick), E. B. Ford (Cheltenham), Joseph Cook, Sorrento, Albert Wolff (Putney), Henry Orme (Bristol), T. C. D. (Dublin), T. Roberts, G. Lowthwaite (Gainsborough), Z. Ingold (Frampton), J. Bailey (Newark), Captain Spencer, S. Davis (Leicester), Julius Richter (Brunn), O. R. Robinson, Edith Corser (Reigate), T. Smith (Brighton), Dr. F. St. E. Bacon (Finchley), John G. Lord (Castleton), Miss D. Gregson, William Faulton (Brixton), J. Hall, and R. Worters (Canterbury).

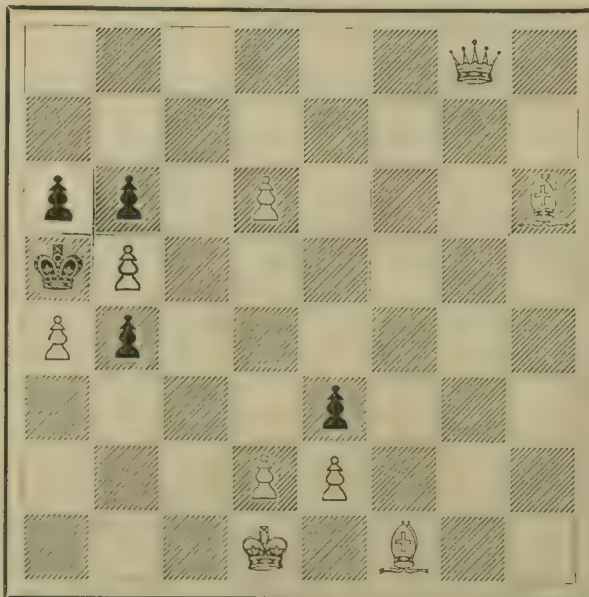
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2820.—By F. W. BURNELL.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to B 6th. K to Q 3rd.  
2. Kt to B 7th. K takes Kt.  
3. Kt to K 6th, mate.

If Black play 1. K to K 6th, then 2. Kt to Kt 2nd, etc.

## PROBLEM No. 2823.—By E. A. PEPPIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. W. E. NAPIER and J. MEYER.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. B to Kt 5th	Kt takes Kt
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	17. P takes Kt	R takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. B takes Kt	Q takes B
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	19. B takes R	R to R 4th
5. P to K 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	20. Kt to B 3rd	R to Q Kt 2nd
It has lately become common to develop the Q Kt early instead of proceeding with P to Q Kt 3rd or Castling.		21. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to K 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	22. Q to Q 3rd	P to Q 5th
7. R to Q B sq	P to Q Kt 3rd	23. P to K B 4th	Q to Q 3rd
8. P takes P	P takes P	24. P takes P	Q to Q 3rd
9. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	The text move is of no avail, but P takes P simply threatens to win by Q to B 3rd, and the Pawn cannot be taken.	
10. Castles	R to K sq	25. P to Q 5th	Q to Q 2nd
11. B to K B 4th	P to B 4th	26. Q R to Q sq	P to Q Kt 4th
12. Kt to Q Kt 5th	R to Q B sq	27. R to K 2nd	P to Kt 5th
13. Kt to K 5th	B to B sq	28. Kt to K 4th	Q to Q sq
14. B to B 5th		If R takes P, Q takes R, and Kt to B 6th follows.	
A fine move, and the position gained is important.		29. Q to B 4th	R takes P
15. B to R 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	30. R takes R	R takes R
	P to Q R 3rd	31. Q takes B	Resigns

The death is announced of the Rev. W. Wayte, one of the best-known English amateurs. As a player his merits were of a high order, for which he was perhaps largely indebted to the considerable practice he had in his early days with the late Mr. Lowenthal, and he constantly figured as one of the representative players of the St. George's Club. In analysis he also took high rank, and there are few of the openings which are not indebted to him for ingenious suggestions. He was distinguished also as a man of letters and a classical scholar, and his death will be keenly felt by a large circle of friends.

The International Problem Competition held in the *British Chess Magazine* has resulted in the following awards: 1. A. F. Mackenzie, Jamaica; 2. M. Feigl, Vienna; 3. M. Ehrenstein, Buda Pesth. The judges were Dr. Planck and Mr. B. G. Laws.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The rapid flight of time brings the holiday season once more nigh to us. Already paterfamilias is discussing with his better half the all-important question, "Where to go for the holidays?" How largely the process of holidaying has been fostered by railway enterprise goes without saying. Time was when facilities for reaching resorts were few and far between. Now the railways are eager to adopt suggestions which will render the travel to the sea or country easy and pleasant; and they are reaping the ostensible benefits of their enterprise. Nothing of late years has struck me in this light more forcibly than the publication by railway companies of lists of seaside and country lodgings situated on their lines. The Great Eastern Railway was one of the first to initiate this most useful mode of informing people where they might be received on their holiday trips; and the other railways have followed suit. The Great Northern list is very complete; and the North Eastern has compiled a full catalogue of places and houses in Yorkshire and the north-east counties generally, so that visitors can exercise a wide choice of hill or dale, river or sea, for their surroundings in their leisure time.

The luxury of travel is nowadays only equalled by its cheapness. The other day, waiting at Derby Station, I watched the West of England express which runs through to Bournemouth from Bradford run into the station. I think it would be hard to beat this *train de luxe* anywhere. The third class arrangements are superior to those of the first class of a few years gone by, and as meals are served at moderate rates on board the train, the otherwise long and tedious journey from north to south is rendered a mere pleasure trip. It is the same on the Great Northern and North Eastern lines that connect at Berwick with the North British Railway. The East Coast line, with its admirable dining-car service, to and from Edinburgh will be difficult to surpass by any future improvements, and one never tires of this picturesque route, with its glimpses of cathedrals, its pleasant river scenery, and, above all, the wild cliffs of Berwickshire sheering downwards to the sea, with the quiet fishing villages nestling on the beach below.

To enjoy a holiday there must be method in the making of it, as in the conduct of every other affair of life. The general rule is to go to the east if you desire bracing up, and to the west, or inland, if you want repose and rest and soothing treatment at the hands of Dame Nature. But the longer I live the more firmly do I believe in the thoroughly relative nature of the holiday. Only on the idea that each individual should gratify his own tastes in the spending of his leisure can you be assured of success in using that leisure wisely, to the great end of recuperation of body and mind. One man likes a quiet country district where he can fish, and where he will sit for hours, rod in hand, catching nothing, of course, but perfectly happy all the same. If you condemn another man to practise this mode of holidaying, you will render him restless, worried, and miserable. Number two likes the sea, and desires activity. He finds his real repose in walking, in cycling, and the like, perchance because he is sedentary for ten or eleven months of the year. Your third man may like to mingle with his fellows. The quiet country-side will present no charms for him. He revels in the bustle of the seaside, where he can watch the crowds, and enter into all "the fun of the fair."

Speaking of holiday-rest naturally leads one to consider the question of sleep—a topic suggested by an article on the cause of somnolence which I have just been perusing. I have before noted in this column the difficulties of accounting for the onset of repose. Most of us know that in sleep the brain becomes anæmic, and the blood-pressure falls; but behind the diminution of brain-activity which these facts imply it is evident there must be a controlling and determining cause of our seeking our rest, in the abolition of our consciousness, and in our becoming practically dead for a brief season to the things of time and space. The most likely view of sleep-causation is that which sees in an alteration of the wondrous brain-cells the direct impulse that sends us into the Land of Nod. The brain-cells are in contact with each other when we are awake and active, and the countless messages that flow to and from brain and body are received, dealt with, and acted upon by the cells. When sleep invades our being, the brain-cells break their contact with each other, and thus, it is supposed, cause brain-rest to supervene. The difference between sleep and waking, on this view of things, is that between a telephone-exchange, with its connections all made and perfect for business during the day, and these connections switched off for the night.

In the article to which I have referred, the writer objects to this theory because he maintains that nobody can locate the consciousness in the brain which is interrupted by the switching off of the brain-cells from one another. Evidently he misses the obvious point—namely, that it is immaterial that one may be unable to determine by which cells consciousness of the highest order is exercised. We do know that consciousness exists, and that it is exercised by brain-cells, and it matters not whether we can lay our finger on the particular cells involved, or whether we must wait for the fuller demonstration of the exact location of mind. All that our theory demands is the recognition of such changes in brain-cells. We know these changes do occur, and this theory of the cause of sleep has the merit of presenting us with at least a rational and likely view of sleep's oncoming. Consciousness, I take it, is exercised by the brain-cells of the frontal lobes of our brain. Every fact we know of points to this inference as a reasonable interpretation of the duties of these lobes; and sleep, while it may and does leave other parts of the brain more or less active, is certainly, in its typical aspects, associated with the temporary abolition of the duties of the lobes in question. My opinion is that in these views of the brain-cells and their alterations, we find a rational theory of sleep—the most rational, I think, which science has at present to offer.



T H E   S P A N I S H - A M E R I C A N   W A R .



LANDING-PLACE IN THE HARBOUR OF PONCE, PORTO RICO.



GENERAL VIEW OF PONCE, PORTO RICO.





THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: THE DEFENCES OF HAVANA. FROM THE OFFICIAL CHART ISSUED TO THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

## A FAMOUS RACEHORSE.

Large sums are often paid for racehorses of proved merit, but such a sum as that paid by the Russian Government for Mr. Gubbins's Galtee More, who won many big races, is a long way out of the ordinary run. The Russian gentleman, M. Dorojynski, who came over here to buy a high-class racer, saw many of the English cracks, including Cyllene, Ayrshire, Raeburn, and Dieudonné, but directly his eyes rested on Galtee More he would have none of the others, holding that they all sank into insignificance beside the son of Kendal. For Kendal, by the way, Mr. Gubbins received another sum, amounting to nearly twenty thousand pounds. M. Dorojynski was determined that Galtee More should be secured, but Mr. Gubbins, his owner, apparently had no desire to sell the horse; hence a deadlock. A sporting writer of

note, however, after a deal of persuasion, managed to get Mr. Gubbins—somewhat unwillingly—to accept the Russian offer of £21,000. This price, large as it is, does not constitute a record, the Duke of Westminster's unbeaten racer, Ormonde, once changing hands for £31,250. Galtee More is by Kendal out of Morganette, and was bred by his late owner in Ireland. He made his first appearance on a racecourse as a two-year-old at Stockbridge, where, in the Hurstbourne Stakes, he beat Jaquemart, Minstrel, and two others. This success was soon dimmed, for, going on to Liverpool, he could do no better than run a dead heat with Glencally for second place, a head behind Brigg, for the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes. That was his only defeat as a two-year-old. Going on to Goodwood he won the Molecomb Stakes, and after that the Rous Plate at Doncaster and the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket, the last-named race being

memorable for the fact that he bowled over long odds laid on Lord Rosebery's Velasquez, who up to the time had been regarded as a long way the best two-year-old. This form was looked upon in many quarters as wrong, but when the two horses met again as three-year-olds it was amply verified, and Galtee More won what is in Turf parlance called the Triple Crown—namely, the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger. His performance in the St. Leger gave rise to difference of opinion, the general idea being that he had not much in hand when he passed the post three parts of a length in front of Chelandry, who beat St. Cloud II. by a neck for second place. The last named beat him in the Cambridgeshire, which Galtee More failed to win under the big weight of 9 st. 6 lb. Altogether, Galtee More contested thirteen races, winning eleven of them, the total value of the races being £27,019.

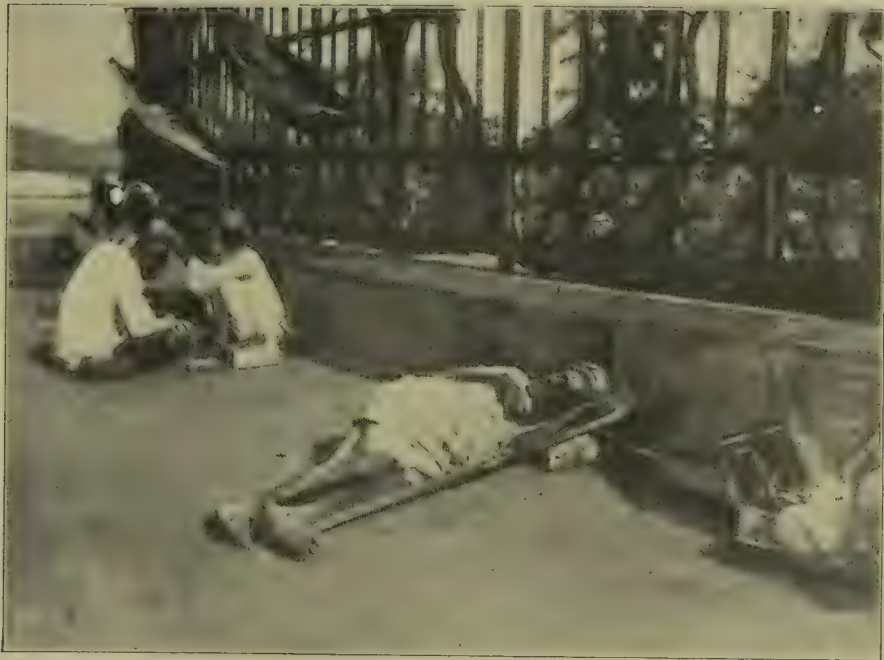


"GALTEE MORE," BOUGHT BY THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT FOR £21,000.

From a Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.



## SCENES IN PLAGUE - STRICKEN BOMBAY.

*From Photographs by Mr. Gysi, Bombay.*

A WAYSIDE CASE.



REMOVING BODY OF A DESERTED CHILD TO THE COMMON BURNING-GROUND.

Although the plague reached Calcutta on the last day of last month, and considerable panic was reported from that city, the health outlook of India may be taken as decidedly more cheerful. One of the most hopeful signs is the steady decrease of deaths in Bombay, the number for the week ending May 12 being 138, against 263 for

by no means slack. The first announcement of the outbreak, of course, occasioned a tremendous exodus—chiefly of women and children—but the public mind is now considerably reassured. What the native Indian fears almost more than the plague is segregation, so the Lieutenant-General's assurance that there would be no separation of

in the Hoshiarpur District. These plague riots have been, of course, occasioned by the abhorrence of all castes alike to the publicity and supposed disgrace of the hospital system. And as long as that abhorrence is as wide-spread and as inherent in the most fundamental ideals of native life as it now is, the



UNLOADING VAN FROM A PLAGUE HOSPITAL, MAHALAKSHMI BURNING-GROUND.



BODY LYING ON THE PYRE BEFORE THE LAYING ON OF THE FINAL LOGS.

the seven days preceding. In Calcutta the disease appears to have made no very alarming progress, and the authorities are taking every preventive precaution. The Lieutenant-General has announced that the sanitary regulations are not to be so stringent as those imposed in Bombay; nevertheless, the treatment of suspected persons will be

husband and wife, and respect shown to the purdah system, may possibly account for the considerable decrease in the number of fugitives. The first rush was estimated at 250,000. Plague riots are happily subsiding, no serious outbreak against the sanitary police having been reported since the affair which occurred late in April at Garshanker village,

utmost energy and zeal of Plague Committees will be powerless finally to stamp out the fell disease which so continually counts its victims by the thousand. That the enemy can be kept at bay by the splendid work of the sanitary authorities has, however, been proved in the past and is at the present moment being proved afresh.



PERFORMING THE FINAL CEREMONIES AT A HIGH-CASTE FUNERAL, SONAPORE BURNING-GROUND.



BURYING A POOR MAN WHO HAS NOT LEFT SUFFICIENT BEHIND HIM TO PAY FOR CREMATION.



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

The few days of comparatively decent weather vouchsafed us in last week were sufficient encouragement to the waiting fair all ready and willing to display new frocks before appreciative mankind. Gaiety of colour, therefore, marked the Park and Bond Street for its own once more, while such haunts of the *monde* as Prince's or the Berkeley



A SMART AND-USEFUL WRAP.

reached an acute stage of fashion at luncheon or tiffin time. Notwithstanding our many smart meeting-places for "the five o'clock," we have not yet arrived at the millennium of tea-drinking in town, however, nor ever shall until a well-arranged outdoor place becomes possible to the hot and thirsty fashionable mob that circulates on a season afternoon. Hurlingham has been called a hurly-burly on June Saturdays, but think how convenient a slice of the Green Park, for instance, would be if it were possible and permissible to negotiate strawberry ices behind the railings of the sweet shady side. The *canaille* would be kept out by high prices, and one could then realise the ideal *rus in urbe* for half-a-crown or thereabouts in the very centre of the universe. I quite hope an enterprising somebody will start a glorified tea-garden in town soon. If well done it would be a tremendous vogue; only to be in the movement it should be central and not too cheap. I present the scheme to any deserving person of indecisive prospects—the only difficulty, as the puzzle paper would say, being to "find the garden"—Devonshire House and Hyde Park not being negotiable, so to speak.

Meanwhile this is wandering from a subject which had an indoor tendency, being nothing less than an appreciation of the merits of house-dresses, which wax very smart this season, and seem on the way to supersede the tea-gowns of our somewhat tired-out affections. These elaborate garments dedicated to the easy afternoon have, besides, an "ageing" effect to which the neatly belted house-gown never descends, and are on that account more suited to girls and smart young matrons. The sketch shows a dainty version in soft ivory mousseline-de-soie made over silk of the same tone. An apron arrangement of pale peach-coloured silk embroidered in net and silver sequins giving it an original and highly becoming set-off. A sash of the same silk with ends embroidered to match is the crux of a charming home dress.

For the solemn and stately occasion of dinner we are all wearing trains of decisive import now, and the woman who goes out in a short gown stamps herself as *démodé* at once. Portly dames of uncertain summers but determined embonpoint can apparently restrain their inches with some of the new striped brocades, and still more the dainty gauzes in white or other pale colours to be made up over silk, on which appear floral designs overlaid in black lace. These sprays run upward and greatly diminish the effect of that terrible stoutness which so certainly marks encroaching seasons. And as there are no elderly people in the world nowadays, it behoves us to study the science, or rather the "applied arts," of perpetual youth with all possible perseverance.

The newest form of wrap recalls a shape that, when met with in ancient fashion-plates, we were wont to laugh at as a *chef d'œuvre* of grandmotherly dowdiness. Yet, now that a magic mandate of fashion declares it a vogue, we find it once more acclimatised to its place on the shoulders of the well dressed. As a smart and useful wrap, this up-to-date version of the burnous has undeniable points. It looks best in a light fawn or grey, when in cloth, embroidered with jet paillettes and a double flounce of lace or chiffon, as shown in the Illustration. In various shades of taffetas I have seen the shape bear

itself seductively, too; a shot pink and grey, for instance, flounced with chiffon in both shades to match, a mauve and blue, or, for evening wear, in lemon and white.

Sulphur colour and pistachio green divide the honours of precedence between them in Paris, and some of the latest and largest patterned foulards made up in these tones are exceedingly tempting. A mauve and white foulard which struck me as particularly well done was made over a separate skirt of white satin; the skirt, tucked in graduated widths, had ruchings of green and mauve mousseline-de-soie, with black Chantilly insertions between each. The bodice, a pouch shape, was treated to match.

One is accustomed to associate several distinctive conditions with this good old City of ours—the City with a big C, be it understood. Money-getting chiefly, gargantuan banquets in no less measure, prosperous, purple-complexioned aldermen not least, but turtle soup with calipash and calipee most of all. To pronounce with appreciative gush on this dainty is not given to everybody, however, seeing that the aldermanic ambrosia is necessarily not for all, inasmuch as that a quart of this classic delicacy commonly costs a sterling guinea, and is not to be felt or enjoyed at less. To solve the riddle of real turtle soup at a less extravagant equivalent has long been a burning question with the chef, but the most artistic compounds have failed hitherto to impress the gourmet palate. Now, however, a prophet has arisen among the turtles, and it is vouched that Bellis's clear turtle soup, tinned at five shillings a pint, would delight even the experienced palates of Gog and Magog themselves. Turtle jelly is another spécialité of Thomas Bellis, and much recommended for invalids. It is put up in glass bottles, and the recipe from which it is prepared is that of a famous modern chef.

The time has passed when Englishwomen "doing" the Continent were known to fame by their alarming clothes and shapeless boots. On both counts we might be accorded a favourable verdict without fear or favour now; and the elephantine foot of Gallic satire and British ownership is no longer a reproach or a presence in our midst. This season versions of the indoor shoe are more than ever dainty and diversified. Green morocco or calf, worn with stockings to match, are popular, so also are the smart gilt horsehair slippers worn over a coloured ground. Well-equipped cyclists affect boots with cashmere tops, which allow the muscles of the foot to move easily in pedalling; and yellow patent leather shoes, though being a somewhat *voyant* novelty, are greatly favoured by the small-booted contingent. It should be borne in mind when viewing all these attractive departures, however, that light boots or shoes make the feet appear large and never look really the thing in a larger size than four.

Answer to Correspondent, "Mrs. K. L."—You will only get these golf-bonnets in Paris, I think. Try Peter Robinson first, and if they have not got or cannot procure them for you, the Louvre people will do so. You have not given a pseudonym, so I use your initials. SYBIL.

## NOTES.

It is seldom that there are two Drawing-Rooms in one week, and the occurrence is almost a calamity to the dressmakers engaged in the work. The number of those who are able to undertake such elaborate costumes is limited; and all the Court dresses have to be made in the two or three days immediately preceding the event, for they are too large to fold easily, and too costly and delicate to be complacently crumpled by long folding—most ladies prefer not to have the gown home till the evening before the Drawing-Room—hence the pressure on the workpeople. There is no obvious reason for two Courts in a week, and it is to be hoped it will continue to be a rare occurrence. There were many Drawing-Room teas given; in fact, it has now become quite usual for every lady who goes to give a reception after the Court. We have heard of an æsthetic lady who, seeing a lovely white lily in a friend's possession, asked—"Will you not give an 'At Home' for it?" Well, "At Homes" for these elaborate frocks are seriously given. At most parties the dress is supposed, or at any rate pretends, to be a mere accessory to social intercourse—at Drawing-Room teas it is avowedly the attraction, and at one time the invitation to call to see the gown used to be given verbally, and with a pretence that it was a sign of intimacy. Now the custom has boldly developed into a regular invitation by ordinary cards.

I wonder will the dress of men ever again be decorative enough for them to take a similar real vain pride in it? The old portraits show that when the stronger sex did dress up, as it most emphatically did in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and first half of the eighteenth centuries, there was no limit to its extravagance in material and style. See even the huge jewelled rosettes of lace and wire on the shoes of the men of the days of the first James. In that foolish Solomon's own case, vanity extended to the trappings of the horse. In one corner of a room at the National Portrait Gallery at present you may see the pinched, mean face of the Solon in question; and in the opposite corner the bright countenance of his contemporary, Harrington, who tells this tale of James I. A gentleman who had a petition to present had made the way clear for it by payments, and expected to receive the desired permission shortly after he had handed the paper to the King, in order to do which he waited at the palace door for the King's coming forth and starting for his ride. But though at the moment James took the petition with a gracious word, his countenance clouded over as he rode away, and no reply was received by the petitioner. At last he ventured to ask the reason, and when his intermediary hinted at the matter to the King, James answered haughtily: "Why should a King take notice of a petitioner who did not take notice that the King's palfrey was clad with new trappings that morning!" Amongst savages, it is the men who get and wear the most decorations, and civilised woman has not a greater triumph over the natural man to record than his present self-abnegation of

all the bright colours, dainty materials, and frillings and furbelows to her benefit. At Court functions, however, uniform makes up to some extent for feminine silks and satins, and laces and embroideries.

During the meetings of the British Women's Temperance Association, an amusing discussion arose as to the admission of young men to the young women's branch of the association, or, as they call themselves, "the Y's." The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell (an American lady) is the President of this branch, and she moved that young men should be admitted to all privileges, but allowed that she saw so much against the idea that she "changed her mind daily" about it. Madame Antoinette Sterling (who has a wonderful speaking voice—the deepest and richest contralto) emphatically declared that it was a shame to keep young men away from young women at the very age when they most wanted to be together, a view which naturally aroused laughter from her hearers. Some of the speakers, however, treated the important point most seriously, arguing that if they allowed votes to the men, those greedy and monopolising creatures would be tolerably sure to soon absorb all the offices and places of power; while, on the other hand, if the young men were "affiliated" but left without votes, they might be made useful in contributing funds and in other ways. The decision was in favour of the last-mentioned astute view. Another point warmly debated was whether the association should keep up a "Department" for urging the use of non-intoxicating wine at the communion-table. It was stated, on the one hand, that reclaimed drinkers are plunged back by taking the communion-wine, but, on the other hand, it was said that Church of England people think that the proposal to use non-fermented sacramental wine is "sacrilegious," and though many members rose and assured the gathering that they personally knew of churches in which unfermented wine is used, the decision was against the restoration of the "Department" to the list of the association's special objects. Lady Henry Somerset was re-elected President, but not, as always before, by a unanimous vote, accompanied with the singing of the Doxology. The way in which her declarations on a special subject have affected the minds of her friends, notwithstanding her recent recantation on the point, was shown by the fact that seventy-one votes were recorded now against her to five hundred and thirty in her favour.

It is officially announced by the American Government that no women nurses will, under any circumstances, be sent to Cuba. The nurses trained in the Red Cross



A DAINY HOUSE-DRESS.

Hospital are being organised, if needed, to take charge of the wounded when transferred to military hospitals in America, but none will be allowed to go to the field.

One does not imagine the "new girl," hard-working, independent, and self-supporting, in Japan, yet it seems that she has arrived. A firm of typewriter manufacturers in London publish a testimonial from a business house in Tokyo, stating that their typewriter is worked by a young lady. "We believe that she is the first Japanese lady who has used the typewriter; she knew nothing about it when she began to use ours, but she now operates with great facility." A very pretty portrait of her in native costume and coiffure accompanies the letter. F. F.-M.





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DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO: AT THE WAILING WALL, JERUSALEM.

DRAWN BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

*Parties of Jews repair daily to the only remaining relic of the ancient Temple of Solomon, known as the Wailing Wall, where they recite dirges and lamentations in grief at the destruction of their nationality, and offer prayers for its speedy restitution. Tourists and pilgrims to the Holy City from all parts of the world never fail to visit this spot.*



## "CUCKOO! AND JACKUP!"

BY J. A. OWEN.

I have been living for some days past in intimate association with a pair of jackdaws, who are busily employed in building a huge nest composed of live ash-twigs and sheep's wool, just within the ventilator of my bedroom chimney, in a solidly built house of grey stone, near the great Pendle Hill in North Lancashire. The openings in the church spire have all been closed against them, because the birds invaded it in such numbers that, apart from the disturbing noise and the dirt, they were injuring the woodwork so much that the vestry was becoming uninhabitable on account of the rain that poured in. So the chimneys of the neighbourhood are greatly in requisition.

The housemaid routs out a basket or more of building materials every day, and she tells me that a busy pair of jackdaws have just tumbled down into the "slop-kitchen." All I tell her about the services of this lively, and to me pleasant, bird in freeing sheep of their torturing insects, and other matters which ought to make us charitable towards "Jack-up," has no weight with this busy Martha, whose sense of the fitness of things is offended by ash-twigs and dried refuse projecting into the clean rooms. After eight days of frustrated efforts the birds still build, but more silently and stealthily; their joy over it seems to have gone. In the tower of another church, near which I have been staying, these birds are welcomed. Even the vicar smiles indulgently at their noisy interpolations in his matins and evensong. They say there that they keep away the sparrows, and they prefer the jackdaws.

Near to Pendle is an old farmhouse, in which used to live a lineal descendant of one of our greatest poets, a most intelligent and observant dame, one who was keen in noting all phenomena of land and sky. She was not very accurate in the use of our longer words, but was always

at least suggestive in the choice of these; and she loved to communicate what she saw. Speaking of some unusual appearance in the sky, she would tell you that "the strollers had strolled" that such and such events would shortly take place in connection with it. She watched some jackdaws one day, for hours, trying to wrench a strong grating off a chimney of a neighbour's house. After working at it in vain for a long spell, these knowing birds called their stronger relatives, the rooks of a neighbouring rookery, to their aid. These set to with a will to help them, and together they did manage partially to unfasten the grating; but it was promptly more strongly fixed again, and the builders had to go elsewhere.

I have noticed that if a jackdaw found an ash-twig unsuitable for darting down the chimney-pots of this house with, he never dropped it carelessly, but took it back to the tree from which he had procured it, and there chose a more suitable one—a lesson this for untidy workers. There is a huge unused stone quarry near to us, where legions

of jackdaws can and do build, but some pairs are of an exclusive turn, like those arrogant "humans" of whom the prophet Isaiah wrote that they "desire to be placed alone in the midst of the earth." An old couple in another house near to this were awakened lately at dawn to find a pair of such intruders comfortably perching on the bottom rail of their bed. "God bless us, wife," exclaimed the man, "the devil himself has come to see us!"

The cuckoo's note sounds now over the growing meadows. We tell our children that the nests in which this bird places its eggs are mostly those of the meadow pipit, the pied wagtail, and the hedge-sparrow; but in Germany, we learn that the red-backed shrike, the white wagtail, and the garden warbler are the favourite foster-parents. I have before me a carefully prepared brochure on

The hen bird, after laying her egg—which is a very small one—carries it in her bill to the nest chosen. This is said to be proved by the fact that both young birds and eggs have been found in places where the bird could not possibly have laid them. One such place—given in a boys' paper—where there was found a young cuckoo, was an old pickle-bottle in which a robin had made its nest. The naturalist above quoted considers it probable that the egg being seen in the hen cuckoo's beak gave rise to the early popular error that the cuckoo sucks the eggs of other birds, as the poet Quarles wrote—

The idle cuckoo, having made a feast

On sparrows' eggs, lays down her own i' the nest.

As to the question whether these eggs are variously

coloured so as to look like those of the birds in whose nests they are placed. Dr. Eugene Rey, a German authority who has gone very carefully into the matter, and has made a collection of over seven hundred eggs, considers that the proportion of those which resemble in colouring that of the foster-parent's eggs is only about thirty per cent. He found that of sixty-seven eggs taken from the redstart's nest fifty-seven were blue. Another great collector, however, states that of all those which had passed through his hands only one had been blue. It is surely possible that certain individual cuckoos retain a preference for the nests of certain species, and that the sight of the eggs influences the colouring.

The old birds leave us, as a rule, in August, the younger ones follow them in September; but here, near Pendle Hill, a young cuckoo, a very tame bird, haunted the garden and tennis-ground until October last year.

The reason the cuckoo must go is because the hairy caterpillars which form its diet here are not to be found after that time. The gizzard, if a bird is opened before it can leave, is found to be entirely coated with hairs, whereas it is said to be perfectly

smooth when the cuckoo arrives in the spring. Selfish and bad as is the character given to the cuckoo, how mysterious and fascinating, and how welcome is its cry to children, both great and small!

The unfortunate, or fortunate, unmuzzled dog is again the subject of an official report, from which it appears that between March 29 and May 11 the number of unmuzzled dogs seized by the police in London was 1024. Of these 225 were restored to their owners.

Yet another amusing vagary of the telegraph system has just been brought before the notice of Mr. Henniker-Heaton by the Rector of St. Peter's, Walworth. It appears that the Rector, being recently in Gloucester, wished to send a message home, and having directed it "St. Peter's," was informed that he would be charged two words, but if he made it "St. Peter's" it would be reckoned as a single word.



THE ORPHAN'S MOTHER.—BY MARCELLA WALKER.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

"The Cuckoo and its Foster-Parents," by Mr. Wells Bladen, of Stone, and many will be surprised to hear that these, in different countries, include a hundred and forty-five different species. In Germany, thrushes, wheatears, stone-chats, nightingales, warblers, the great titmouse, larks, and even the tiny golden-crested wren are forced into the service of hatching by this bold intruder, and our own common wren has had to do duty. In Africa and China the nests of the Isabelline and other chats are chosen; on the steppes of Turkestan the red-headed bunting and Eastern whitethroat; various species of wagtail, pipits, shrikes, are also used; and in Lapland the bunting, the grey-headed wagtail, and the red-spotted bluethroat.

Mr. Wells Bladen records the finding of a nest of the ring-ousel on the Staffordshire moorlands with a cuckoo's egg in it; and a few years ago one was found by the head keeper of the Earl of Harrowby in Sandon Wood in the nest of a pheasant.

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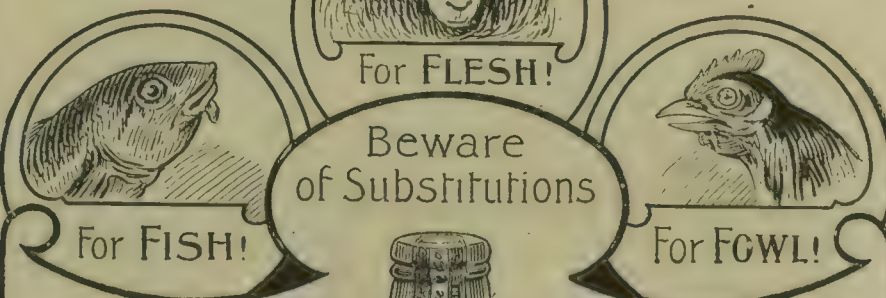
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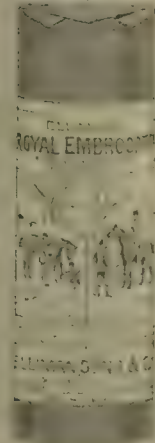
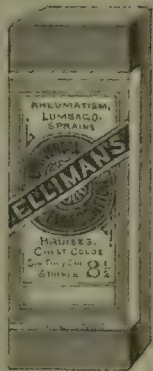
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SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1896) of Orlando George Charles, third Earl of Bradford, P.C., of Weston Park, Shifnal, who died on March 9, was proved on May 5 by George Cecil Orlando, fourth Earl of Bradford, the son, one of the executors, the gross value of the estate being £120,676, and the net personal £80,504. The testator gives £10,000 to his son, Colonel the Hon. Francis Charles Bridgeman; £3000 to his daughter Lady Mabel Kenyon Slaney, and £6000, upon trust, for her and her husband and children; £2000 to his granddaughter Sybil Agnes Kenyon Slaney; £1000 and a picture of her mother to his daughter the Countess of Harewood; and very many legacies to people in his employ and domestic servants. He devises his property called St. Catherine's, Applethwaite, and all other his estate in Westmorland to his daughter Lady Mabel Kenyon Slaney, for life, and then to her son, Robert Orlando Rodolph Kenyon Slaney, and gives certain diamond and pearl jewels to devolve as heirlooms and follow the trusts of his settled estate. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son the present Earl.

The will (dated Sept. 27, 1897), with two codicils (dated Oct. 19, 1897, and Jan. 26, 1898), of Sir Richard Quain, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., of 67, Harley Street, who died on March 13, was proved on May 10 by Frederick Quain, the brother, William Cadge, John Edward Chapman Mathews, and Wallwyn Poyer Burnett Shephard, the executors, the value of the estate being £118,121. The testator bequeaths annuities of £800 and £200 to his daughter, Mrs. Agnes Mary Brown; £800 and £400 to his daughter, Mrs. Beatrice Rose; £800 and £300 to his daughter, Mrs. Isabel Mathews; £800 and £400 to his daughter, Mary Maud Quain; and £40 to Mary Louisa Wray for life, and then to her daughter Katharine for her life. His household furniture and effects are to be divided between his four daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to the children of his married daughters by their present husbands and the children of his daughter Mary Maud, if she should marry, as tenants in common; but the shares of daughters are to be as three is to two in proportion to the shares of sons, and the share of his granddaughter, Isabel Mary Harrington Mathews, is to be double that of each grandson.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1890), with a codicil (dated Feb. 1, 1898), of the Right Hon. Robert Wellington, Viscount Combermere, of Chaseley House, near Rugeley, and Combermere Abbey, Chester, who died on Feb. 20, was proved on May 10 by the Hon. Richard Southwell George Stapleton Cotton, the brother, Walter Hill Chetwynd, and Henry John Birch, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £113,131 and the net personal £74,722. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, Isabel Marian, Viscountess Combermere, and during her life she is to have the use and enjoyment of Chaseley House and the income of £25,000; and £100 each to his executors. At Lady Combermere's death the sum of £25,000 is to be equally divided between his son Robert Cecil and his daughter Madeline Isabel; and Chaseley House is to be held, upon trust, for his son Robert Cecil and daughter



THE "DECCAN" CUP.

The "Deccan" Cup is the leading competition of the annual meeting of the Hyderabad Rifle Association open to native troops. In October 1897 more than twelve teams competed for the cup, which is the handiwork of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street. The 28th Madras Infantry won the cup in the competition of 1897, beating the 25th Madras Infantry by one point only, the distances fired at being 200 and 500 yards. Each team consisted of eight competitors. The winning team scored 247 at 200 yards and 240 at 500 yards, thus making a grand total of 487 points.

Madeline Isabel, while unmarried; and then for his said son absolutely. Certain furniture, the Combermere diamonds, racing and pigeon-shooting cups, a gold snuff-box, the gold stick-in waiting, a picture of Field-Marshal Lord Comber-

mere, and one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, are to devolve as heirlooms and go with the Combermere estates. The residue of his property he leaves in or towards the payment and discharge of any sums charged on the settled estates.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1894), with a codicil (dated July 16, 1897), of Mr. Philip Barker, of The Grove, Willaston, Nantwich, was proved on May 4 by the Rev. Rowland Vectis Barker, Walter Stringer Williamson, and Robert Dukinfield Darbishire, the executors, the value of the estate being £107,814. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Free Christian Chapel, Beech Street, Crewe; £2000, upon trust, for the Presbyterian Chapel, Hospital Street, Nantwich; £100 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Chester Infirmary; £200 to the National Life-boat Institution; £100 to the Nantwich Urban District Council for the purchase of books for the Nantwich Free Library; the income of £2000 North-Eastern Railway Stock to Louisa Barker for life; and many specific gifts and legacies to friends and servants. He devises and gives his house The Grove, with the furniture and effects therein, and all other his freehold and leasehold property at Willaston, upon trust, to found a school to be called the Barker Collegiate School. The residue of his property he leaves to his three cousins, Major John Barnett Barker, Thomas Barker, and the Rev. Rowland Vectis Barker.

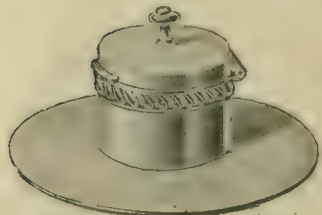
The will (dated July 4, 1890), with a codicil (dated July 7, 1896), of Mr. Henry Horsfall, of Wakefield, was proved on April 28 at the Wakefield District Registry by John Horsfall and Frederick Wilson Horsfall, the nephews and executors, the value of the estate amounting to £105,779. The testator gives £1000 to his sister Sarah; £2000 to his niece Ellen Blanchard; £5000 to his brother, Francis Horsfall; £5000 each to his nieces Gertrude Horsfall, Louisa Horsfall, Mary Sessions, and Lucy Day; £1000 to Whiteley Horsfall; £10,000, and his shares in the collieries of Henry Briggs, Son, and Co., to his nephew John Horsfall; £12,000 to his nephew Frederick Wilson Horsfall; £7000, £100, and his house at Wakefield, with the furniture and effects therein, to his niece Sarah Whiteley; £3000, and three houses in Southgate, Wakefield, to his niece Florence Roulstone, and other legacies. He devises his freehold lands and premises in the parishes of Ackworth and Normanton, Yorkshire, to his nephew John Horsfall; and his house and premises at Sandal Magna to his nephew Frederick Wilson Horsfall. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two nephews John and Frederick Wilson Horsfall.

The will (dated May 2, 1896), with a codicil (dated June 11, 1897), of Mr. William Ford, D.L., J.P., of Ellet Hall, Lancaster, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on April 16 at the Lancaster District Registry by Mrs. Sarah Walker Walker, the sister, and Charles Walker, the nephew, the gross value of the estate being £23,253. The testator bequeaths £1200 between the sisters of his deceased wife; and his household furniture, etc., to his sister, Mrs. Walker Walker, but the picture by Romney and the Rawlinson Cup are to go as heirlooms with the Ellet Hall estate. He devises his mansion-house, Ellet Hall, and

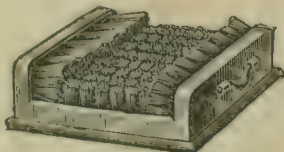
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Solid Silver Inkstand, on Silver Plate. Diameter, 4 inches, £2 12s. 6d.

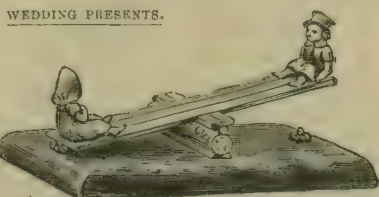


Solid Silver Pen-Wiper, with Two Handles, 15s.

AWARDED NINE GOLD MEDALS AND THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.



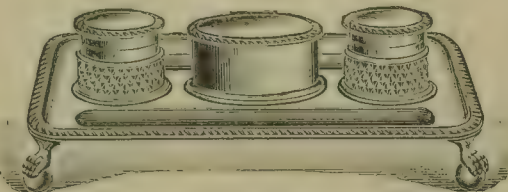
Lady's Elegantly Chased Solid Silver Card-Case, in Best Morocco Case. £1 15s.



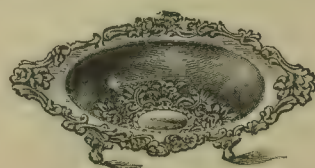
Solid Silver "See-Saw" Letter-Clip, on Tortoiseshell Base, £3.



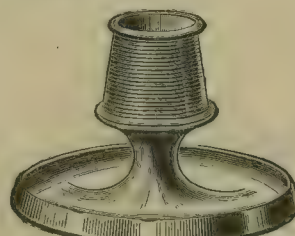
Richly Chased Comb-Tray, length 5½ in., £1 10s.



Solid Silver Inkstand, with Two Bottles and Wafer Box, length 8 in., £6 10s.



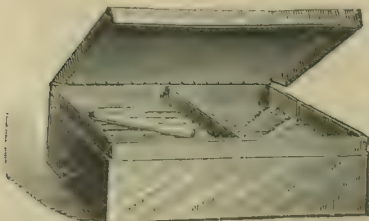
Solid Silver Bon-Bon Dish, on Four Feet, with Chased Center and Border, £1 15s.



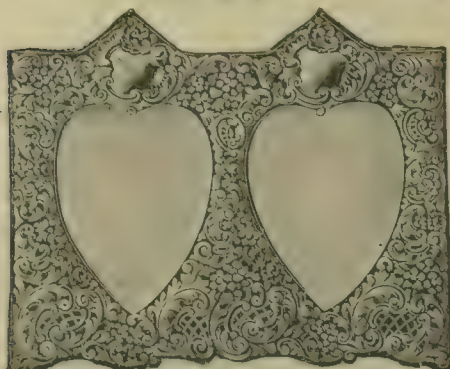
Solid Silver Match-Stand and Ash-Tray Combination, £1 2s. 6d.

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Solid Silver Cigarette-Box, lined Cedar, from £2 5s. to £3 15s.



New Design. Solid Silver Richly Chased and Pierced Double Cabinet Frame, £1 18s.



Solid Silver Mounted Cut-Glass Scent-Bottle, £1.



Solid Silver Flower-Bowl, complete with Netting, diameter 3½ in., £1 5s.



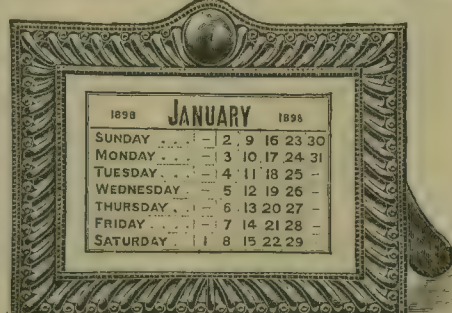
"Pompeian" Pattern Solid Silver Candlesticks, height 4½ in., £2 15s. per pair.



Solid Silver Flask, gilt inside, concave, bayonet top, from £1 10s. to £3.



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certain other houses and premises in the townships of Ellel and Scotforth to his sister, Mrs. Walker Walker, but charged with the payment of £7000 to his residuary estate. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety thereof to his sister, Mrs. Walker Walker, and the other moiety and the £7000 between the children of his deceased sister, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Walker.

The will (dated March 12, 1894) of Mr. George Norton, J.P., of Holmwood, Kingston Hill, and Oaken-dean Park, Sussex, who died on March 5, was proved on May 5 by Mrs. Mary Jane Norton, the widow, Thomas Eldrid Norton, the brother, and Harry Norton Rose, the executors, the value of the estate being £22,034. The testator bequeaths £200 and his household furniture, carriages and horses to his wife; and £50 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life, and at her death to his nephews and nieces Harry Rose, Frederick Rose, Arthur Rose, Blanche Rose, Agnes Rose, and Fanny Rose, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1898) of Dr. Charles West, M.D., of 4, Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, Victoria Street, founder of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, the first children's hospital in this country, who died on March 19, was proved on May 2 by Mrs. Marie Octavio Agatha Clotilde West, the widow, and Augustus Frederick Coe, the executors, the value of the

estate being £11,159. The testator gives £50 each to the Rev. Richard Cowley Powles, of Chichester, the Rev. Father William Thomas Gordon, of the Oratory, Brompton, and Augustus Frederick Coe. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1892) of Mr. Thomas Garnett Horsfall, J.P., of Hornby Grange, Northallerton, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 5 last, was proved on April 16 at the York District Registry by Michael Heineken Horsfall, the brother, and Miss Margaretta Horsfall, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £10,773. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the children of his brother, Michael Heineken Horsfall, and his sister, Mrs. Emma Greer, and subject thereto he leaves all his property between his brother and sisters, Michael, Margaretta, Caroline, Mary Edith, and Mrs. Emma Greer.

The will and codicil of Sir John Tilley, K.C.B., of 13, St. George's Square, who died on March 18, were proved on May 12 by Arthur Augustus Tilley and John Anthony Cecil Tilley, the sons, and Miss Edith Diana Mary Tilley, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,390.

The will and codicil of Mr. Frederick Tennyson, brother of the late Lord Tennyson, of 14, Holland Villas Road, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on May 12 by Walter Charles Alan Ker, the nephew, one of the executors, the gross value of the estate being £1614.

## WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS. BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 27, 28, and 29, to and from London and the seaside, will be extended for return up to and including Wednesday, June 1.

On Saturday, May 28, special cheap eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days' return tickets will be issued from London to the seaside.

Special Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday to Wednesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.

To Caen for Normandy and Brittany, special cheap tickets will be issued on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, May 25, 27, and 28, available for return on the following Monday, Wednesday, or Friday.

On Saturday, May 28, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service, and also by the night express service, on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 26 to 30.

On Whit Sunday and Monday, day trips at excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

Extra trains will be run from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace Horse-Show on Whit Monday, Tuesday, and following days, returning in the evening at frequent intervals.

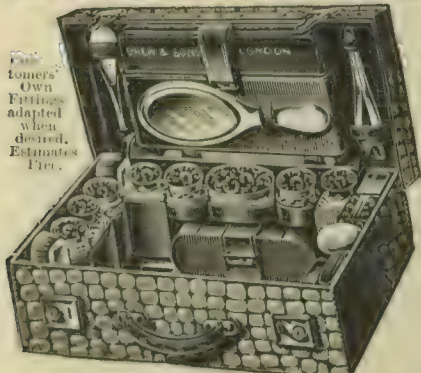
Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will be issued from London to Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

On Whit Tuesday, cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, and Worthing.

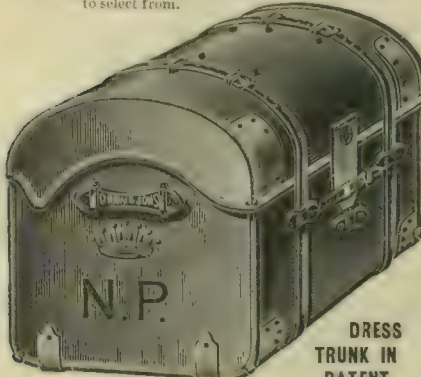
The Brighton Company's West-End offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, and the City office, 6, Arthur Street East, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 25 to 28, for the sale of the special cheap tickets, and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria. Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at the usual offices.

EPSOM RACES, THE "DERBY" AND "OAKS."—The London Brighton and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements so

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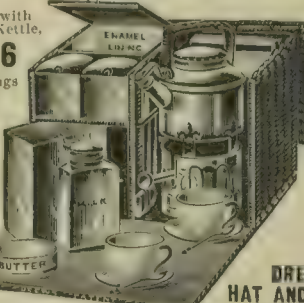
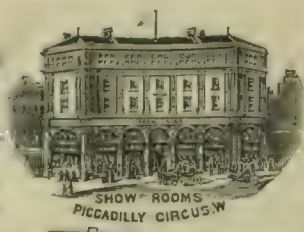
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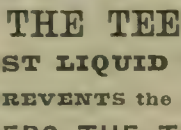
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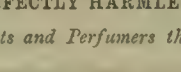


**DREWS' NEW 'GRANDE  
VITESSE' TRUNK.**

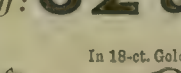
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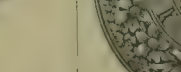
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Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d. per Bottle.



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**PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.**

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Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL  
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Is not a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin  
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 Special Cheap & 10s. 15, or 17 days' Return Tickets are issued every Saturday, from London to the seaside.

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**TO BRIGHTON.**—Every Sunday, First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s., or Pullman Car 12s.  
**TO WORTHING.**—Every Sunday First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. Fare 11s., or including Pullman Car to Brighton 13s.  
**TO PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.**—Saturday, May 28, from Victoria 1 p.m., Clapham Junction 1.5 p.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Returning the following Tuesday.  
**TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, and EAST-BOURNE.**—Every Weekday from Victoria 9.50 a.m., London Bridge 9.45 a.m., New Cross 9.50 a.m., Kensington 9.10 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m. Fares 12s., 8s. 6d., 6s.  
 The Eastbourne Tickets are available for return the same or following day, and from Friday or Saturday to Monday.  
**TO EASTBOURNE.**—Every Sunday Cheap Day Tickets from Victoria 11 a.m. Fare, 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

**SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.**—  
**WHIT-SUNDAY AND MONDAY.** From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill and Hastings; and on WHIT-TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.  
 For full Particulars of all above arrangements see Whitsuntide Programmes or address Superintendent of the Line, L. B. & S. C. Ry., London Bridge, S.E.

**PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE.**—SPECIAL CHEAP 14 DAYS' EXCURSION (First and Second Class only), SATURDAY, May 28, Leaving London Bridge and Victoria 10 a.m., and First, Second, and Third Class, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m., London Bridge 9 p.m., on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 29 to 30. Fares 33s. 3d., 30s. 3d., and 26s. For Particulars see Handbills, or address Continental Traffic Manager, L. B. & S. C. Ry., London Bridge, S.E.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

**BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES** where Bills and Tickets may be obtained: Brighton Company's Offices, 28, Regent Street; 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; and 6, Arthur Street East, which Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 25 to 28; and Hays' Offices, 26, Old Bond Street, and Cornhill.

**EPSOM RACES, May 24, 25, 26, and 27.** The only route to the Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, and the quickest route to the Races, is by the BRIGHTON RAILWAY from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, New Cross, &c.

**EPSOM DOWNS STATION.**—This spacious and convenient Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, is specially prepared for the Races, and additional First Class Ladies' Waiting Rooms provided.

**FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS AND CHEAP TRAINS** between the above Stations on all four days of the Races, also Extra First Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.  
**THROUGH BOOKINGS.**—Arrangements have been made with the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways, to issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations.

The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington (Addison Road) Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

**EPSOM TOWN STATION.**—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Station will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction.

**SPECIAL EXPRESS TICKETS** may be obtained on and from Saturday, May 21, at the Company's Offices, 28, Regent Street, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and 6, Arthur Street East, which Offices will remain open until 10 p.m., May 23, 24, 25, and 26. These Tickets may also be obtained at Hays', 26, Old Bond Street, and Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's, 142, Strand.  
 For full Particulars, Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills or address Superintendent of the Line, L. B. & S. C. Ry., London Bridge, S.E.

**LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.**

**WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.**  
**CHANNEL ISLANDS, HAVRE, ST. MALO, and CHERBOURG** (via Southampton).

**DAYLIGHT TRIP TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.**

**CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS** will be issued to GUERNSEY, JERSEY, on SATURDAY, MAY 28, from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction, by the 8.55 a.m. and 9.45 p.m. Trains from Waterloo.

Also to ST. MALO, on FRIDAY, MAY 27, and CHERBOURG, SATURDAY, MAY 28, by the 6.0 p.m. Train from Waterloo, and to HAVRE, on FRIDAY, MAY 27, and SATURDAY, MAY 28, by the 9.45 p.m. Train from Waterloo.

**SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS** will leave WATERLOO as follows:—

ON FRIDAY, MAY 27, and SATURDAY, MAY 28.

At 2.5 p.m. EXPRESS for CHRISTCHURCH and BOURNE-MOUTH.

ON SATURDAY, MAY 28.

At 3 p.m. for CAMELFORD, DELABOLE, WADEBRIDGE, and BODMIN.

At 3.50 p.m. for BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, and other NORTH DEVON STATIONS; also to Stations on the SIDMOUTH and BUDLEIGH SALTERTON BRANCHES.

**CHEAP PERIOD EXCURSIONS** will run from Waterloo as under, calling at the principal Stations:—

ON THURSDAY, MAY 26.

At 7.40 a.m. to PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, EXETER, TAVISTOCK, LAUNCESTON, CAMELFORD, WADEBRIDGE, BODMIN, OKEHAMPTON, HOLSWORTHY, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD (for Clovelly), YEOWIL, EXMOUTH, TEMPLECOMBE, &c.

At 8.5 a.m. to ANDOVER, SALISBURY, AXMINSTER, HONINGTON, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, and all Stations between Salisbury and Exeter inclusive, also MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, CIRENCESTER, CHELTENHAM, BATH, BURNHAM, BRIDGWATER, SHEPTON MALL, RADSTOCK, WINCANTON, &c.

At 9.15 a.m. to LYNTON, GUNNLSLAKE, CALLINGTON, and LISKEARD.

At 10.10 a.m. and 1 p.m. to WINCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON, WEST, BROCKENHURST, CHRISTCHURCH, and BOURNE-MOUTH.

At 11 a.m. to LYNTON, BUDE, PADSTOW, ST. COLOMB, and NEWQUAY.

At 1 p.m. to WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, WIMBORNE, WAREHAM, CORFE CASTLE, SWANAGE, &c.

ON FRIDAY, MAY 27.

At 10.25 p.m. for EXETER, OKEHAMPTON, DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, TORRINGTON, &c.

ON SATURDAY, MAY 28.

**FOUR DAYS' EXCURSIONS** as follows:—

At 1.10 p.m. to WINCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON, GOSPORT, ROMSEY, SALISBURY, LYMINGTON, NEWPORT, COWES, YARMOUTH, &c.

At 1.15 p.m. to PETERSFIELD, ROWLAND'S CASTLE, and PORTSMOUTH, and STATIONS in the ISLE OF WIGHT.

Long period Tickets will also be issued to Stations in the Isle of Wight.

For additional accommodation to the Isle of Wight, Excursions on Whit Sunday and Monday to Southampton, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Bournemouth, &c., see Handbills and Excursion Programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

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**HAMBURG.** by G. S. N. Co.'s Steamers from Harwich, May 23 and May 28. For further information apply to the G. S. N. Co.'s American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, L.C.

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The Personal Luggage of Passengers will, on application, be COLLECTED, FORWARDED IN ADVANCE, AND DELIVERED at residence or hotel in NORTH WALES, the LANCASHIRE DISTRICT, Blackpool, Morecambe, and other Tourist Resorts at the NOMINAL CHARGE OF 6d. PER PACKAGE, which must be paid when the luggage is collected. No package must exceed 112 lb. in weight.  
 Tickets dated beforehand to suit the convenience of passengers can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and at the Receiving Offices, where also orders can be given for Collection of Luggage.  
 By availing themselves of this arrangement, passengers will be relieved of the trouble and inconvenience of looking after their luggage when travelling. In cases where apartments at destination have not been secured beforehand, the luggage can be addressed, "To be called for," at the Clock Room of the arrival station.  
 FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

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" .. " .. " .. 10 Days, June 25

" .. " .. " .. 10 Days, July 4

" .. " .. " .. 10 Days, July 18

" .. " .. " .. 10 Days, July 27

" .. " .. " .. 10 Days, Aug. 8

" .. " .. " .. 24 Days, Aug. 20

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**ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.**

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that trains may be despatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Racecourse Station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand. Passengers will also be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station by certain direct trains, and by others changing at Clapham Junction into the special fast trains from Victoria to the Epsom Downs Station. And for the convenience of passengers from the Northern and Midland Counties, arrangements have been made with the several Railway Companies to issue through tickets from all their principal stations via Kensington (Addison Road) or Victoria, to which stations the trains of the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways are now running.

#### THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE ON THE CONTINENT.—Cheap tickets available for eight days will be issued to Brussels during the week ending May 25 via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle for Switzerland, special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam and Berlin. Through carriages, with restaurant cars, are also run to Cologne and Bâle. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers will leave Harwich on May 25 and 28 for Hamburg, returning May 29 and June 1.

#### THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain information or procure tickets beforehand, the London and South Western Railway Company will keep open their offices at 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, and the West-End office, 30, Regent Street, till 10 p.m. on Thursday, May 26, and Friday, May 27; and the City office, Arthur Street West, until 8 p.m. on Thursday, May 26, and Friday, May 27. Tickets may be procured and every information given at any of the Company's offices and London receiving houses.

Special extra trains will leave Waterloo as follows: On Friday, May 27, and Saturday, May 28, at 2.5 p.m., express for Christchurch and Bournemouth. On Saturday, May 28, at 3 p.m. for Camelford, Delabole, Wadebridge, and Bodmin; and at 5.50 p.m. for Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, and Bideford, also to stations on the Sidmouth branch.

Special trip will run from London to St. Mado on May 27, to Havre on May 27 and 28, to Cherbourg on May 28, and special daylight trip to Guernsey and Jersey in addition to the usual night service on May 28, returning on certain days.

Cheap excursions will leave London (Waterloo), etc., on Thursday, May 26, Friday, May 27, Saturday, May 28, and Whit Monday for all important stations on the line.

#### MIDLAND RAILWAY.

The Midland Railway Company will run cheap excursion trains from London to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, etc., for sixteen days, via Liverpool,

on Thursday, May 26, and via Morecambe, on Friday, May 27; also to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush for Giant's Causeway, via Barrow and via Liverpool, on Thursday, May 26; to Londonderry, via Liverpool, or via Morecambe, on Saturday, May 28, to return within sixteen days as per bill of sailing; on Friday, May 27, to Liverpool, Southport, Blackpool, the Lake District, and Isle of Man, for four, eight, eleven, or fifteen days; on Friday night, May 27, to Carlisle, Castle Douglas, Dumfries, Helensburgh, Edinburgh, Greenock, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Ballater, etc., returning the following Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday, by which third class return tickets at a single ordinary fare for the double journey will also be issued, available for returning on any day within sixteen days; on Saturday, May 28, to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Burton, Derby, Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, Wigan, Blackpool, Blackburn, Bolton, Oldham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Scarborough, Newcastle, the Furness District, Carlisle, etc., returning the following Monday, Thursday, or Saturday; to Douglas (Isle of Man) for ten days. On Whit Monday, May 30, to St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, Kettering, and Leicester, for one day; to Birmingham, for one, four, or five days; and to Manchester, for the races, on Thursday (midnight), June 2, returning Saturday, June 4. Tickets for these trains for starting from St. Pancras Station can be obtained on the two days previous to the running of the trains at the Company's City and West-End booking-offices. Cheap daily and week-end excursions to Southend-on-Sea as announced in time-tables and bills.

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FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

IRELAND, MAY 26, 27, 28.

To DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, on May 26, via Liverpool, and on May 27 via Morecambe, BELFAST, LONDONDERRY, &c., on Thursday, May 26, and to LONDONDERRY, via Liverpool and via Morecambe on Saturday, May 28. See Special Bills for Times, Fares, &c.

SCOTLAND, FRIDAY, MAY 27.

To GLASGOW, Greenock, Ayr, Kilmarnock, and the G. and S. W. line leaving St. Pancras at 10.5 p.m., and to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW (N.B.), Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Inverness, &c., for 4, 6, 8, or 10 days, leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 a.m.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND SEASIDE.

FRIDAY, MAY 27.

To LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, BLACKPOOL, the LAKE DISTRICT, and ISLE OF MAN for 4, 8, 11, or 15 days.

SATURDAY, MAY 28.

To PRINCIPAL MIDLAND TOWNS and HOLIDAY RESORTS, including: MATLOCK, BUXTON, LIVERPOOL, Blackpool, MORECAMBE, the LAKE DISTRICT, SCARBOROUGH, and the North-Eastern District for 3, 6 or 8 days, and to DOUGLAS (Isle of Man) for 10 days.

WHIT MONDAY, MAY 30.

To ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, LUTON, BEDFORD, KETTERING, LEICESTER, and BIRMINGHAM, returning as per bills.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3.

To MANCHESTER (for the Races), leaving St. Pancras at 12.5 a.m., Kentish Town, 12.10 a.m.

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CHEAP DAY AND WEEK-END EXCURSION TICKET will be issued to SOUTHEND-ON-SEA during the Whitsuntide Holidays, as announced in special bills.

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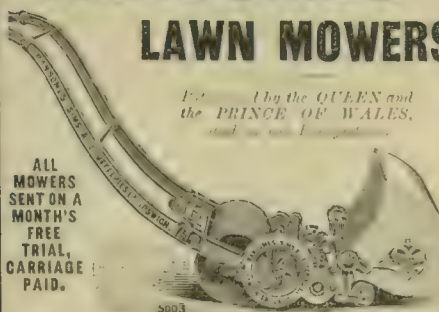
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The steady advance of ritualism in the Church of England is very remarkable. It is best seen from the "Tourists' Church Guide." Ten years ago 200 churches had a daily Eucharist; now there are 613. Vestments have gone up from 599 to 2026, incense from 89 to 381, altar lights from 1136 to 4334, eastward position from 2690 to 7044. There are about 4000 churches where the mixed chalice is used.

A new settlement of ladies has been established in the North Staffordshire potteries. A large and conveniently situated house has been lent rent free for two years, and opened by the Bishop of Lichfield.

There is an interesting interview in *Goodwill* with Father Wainwright, the successor of Father Lowder in St. George's Mission at the Docks. Father Wainwright never leaves the parish, never takes any holiday. He had

heard many a time a deathbed confession at three in the morning, and opened the church at five o'clock. It is work, work, work, morning, noon, and night, all the year round.

One of the most ancient and interesting of English village churches is the parish church of Corhampton, Hants. It is built on an artificial hillock, and the churchyard is perched up on the other side of the road. The site may have been originally one for heathen worship. Some people think that it may be the actual work of St. Wilfrid of York. The church is to be restored, and it is much to be hoped that it will not be injured.

The eloquent Archbishop of Derry preached at Cambridge recently on the effect of the death of Christ. As usual, he brought in various contemporary allusions. He referred to the lately published autobiography of

Arthur Young. "His vast knowledge of agriculture, which enriched others, seemed to make him poorer; the worry of paltry debts—they broke his heart. His wife made his home wretched by bitter taunts and bitterer silence—the woman's implement of prolonged torture when the last needle-point of epigram has been broken, and the last available tear fallen. The child whom he loved as his soul faded away before his eyes, and was laid in the churchyard. His passionate love of writing, covering as he did sheet after sheet of foolscap in his solitary hours, was his last and only earthly solace, and he became stone blind."

The Congregationalists are now for the first time about to collect statistics of membership. The meetings of the Congregational Union this year were remarkably spirited and successful. It is noticeable that nearly every religious society reports an increased income.

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39/6 DIRECT SUPPLY



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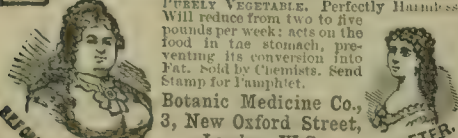
The DEAN OF CARLISLE writes:  
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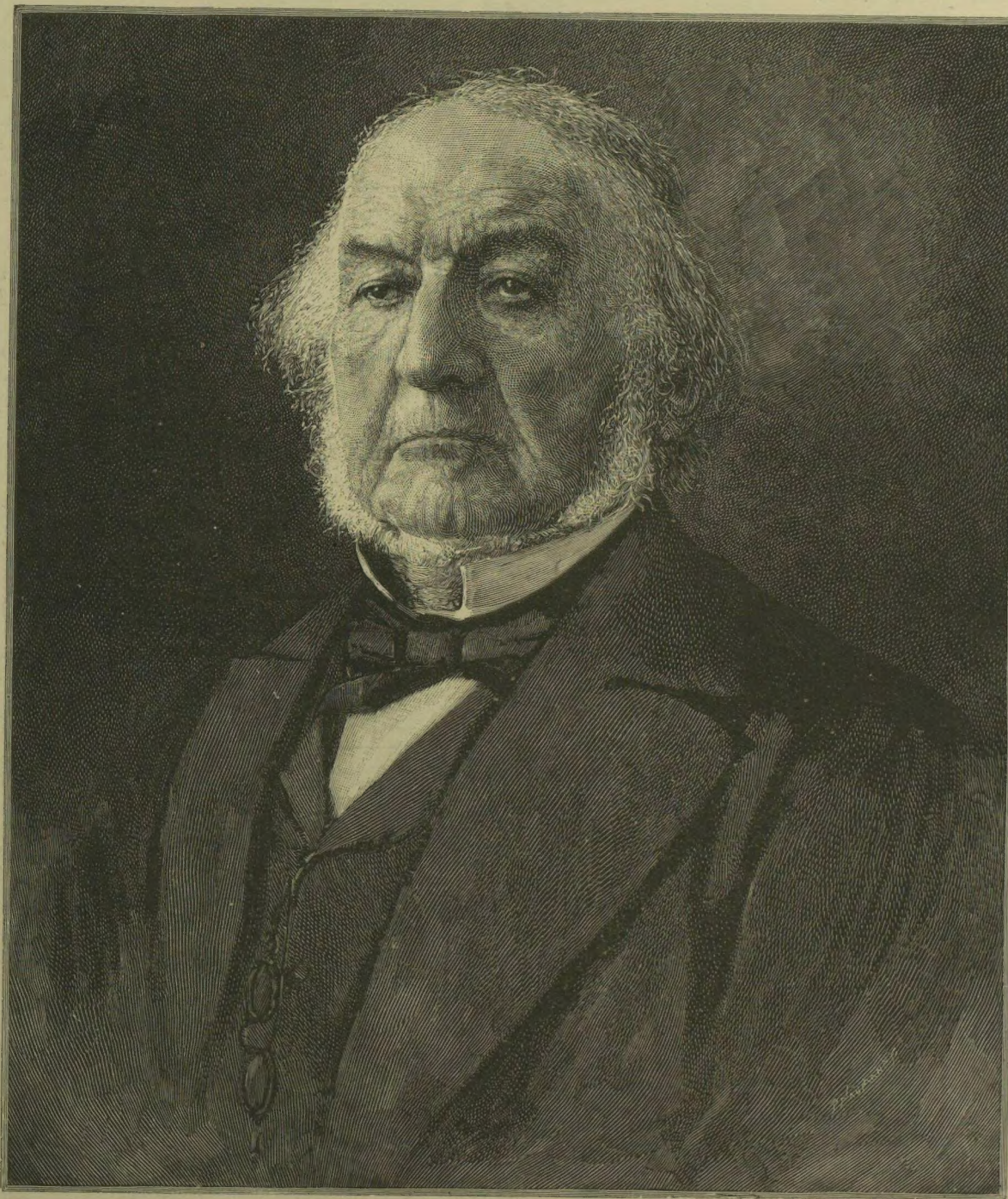


ON December 29, 1809, at No. 62, Rodney Street, Liverpool, was born William Ewart Gladstone, the statesman who was longest and most vividly to figure in the front rank of the illustrious men of the Victorian Era. His surname had been borne by a knightly line of Scottish ancestors, who took it from their property in Lanarkshire, the Gled Stanes, which being interpreted means the Hawk Rocks: a somewhat singular coincidence, for in after years it was the hawk among birds of prey which was the caricaturist's favourite presentment of this member of the family, especially when he sat in Opposition. He was the fourth son of his father, a merchant of Liverpool, owning a plantation in Demerara, whose interests as a ship-owner and a slave-owner took him by degrees from Presbyterianism and Liberalism to the Church of England and Toryism. He sat in Parliament, once for Woodstock, a curious memory for his son when Lord Randolph Churchill came forth to slay "the old man in a hurry." He was made a Baronet by his own grateful party, which he sent three sons to the House of Commons to support. Despite, however, any ancient glories of the Gladstones and their new baronetcy, the fact that the Minister's grandfather Gladstone was a Leith corn-merchant, and that his maternal grandfather was Provost Robertson of Dingwall, gives the middle classes, which have produced the greatest men of this century in all departments, the glory of including Mr. Gladstone in their roll of honour. His father's friends included Canning, who sat for Liverpool, and whose "great name," Mr. Gladstone boasted, had "influenced the politics of my childhood and my youth"; and William Ewart, whose name was given to him for his own.

boys grown heavy." Mr. Gladstone resembled Disraeli in this, at any rate, that his earliest speeches read exactly like his latest. In each case the style was the man, born with him, and faithful to him unto death. Some mock-heroic verses on Wat Tyler that Mr. Gladstone wrote in schoolboy days so little fulfil their intention of levity that they have since been seriously quoted by opponents to prove the writer of them was revolutionary and iconoclastic from the first. Over

Mr. Gladstone's three years of Oxford life, over his speeches at the Union, one against Reform and another against the removal of Jewish disabilities, over his friendships with Manning, Lord Lincoln, and the rest, which were to be so interesting in their sequels, over his contribution to the Essay Society, called by his initials the WEG, one would wish to linger. But there can only be the bare record that while he was yet a Christ Church undergraduate, Bishop Charles Wordsworth said he was "no less sure of his own existence than that Gladstone would one day rise to be Prime Minister of England"; and that the prophecy seemed to get a step forward on the way to justification when Mr. Gladstone crowned his University career in December 1831 by taking a double first-class.

He was then twenty-two, and was inclined to a clerical career. A six months' tour in Italy ended, however, by his return to England, and to Parliament. His first seat was for Newark, where the Duke of Newcastle's claim "to do what he liked with his own" had just suffered a rude shock in the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832; and the school and college friend of his son, Lord Lincoln, seemed to be the right man to win the electors. And so he proved



THE LATE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE AT THE TIME OF HIS FOURTH PREMIERSHIP.

From a Photograph by S. A. Walker, Regent Street.

Mr. Gladstone's early interest in politics may be gathered from the allusion he made to Canning. He was, even as a youth, already something of a "rhetorician," whether "sophisticated" or not, and the family had, according to accounts, the strangest habits of argument ever known. The weather prospects were the subject of prolonged, good-natured contests between father and son. At Eton Mr. Gladstone was the champion Tory debater of the Eton Society, as well as the editor of the *Eton Miscellany*. In 1825 we find him beginning a speech to his schoolfellows—"Sir, in this age of increased and increasing civilisation." That is not light. Yet Praed, going to Parliament a little later, described its members as "just Eton

himself to be, for the first Reformed Parliament, which met in January 1833, opened its doors to the man who was to be a figure of note from the first—see the letters of Arthur Hallam and others of his friends, as well as the familiar sentence of Macaulay's—and a figure of pre-eminence over a long stretch of years. To follow his course in Parliament would be to write a history of England dating back to years before Victoria ascended the throne. That would be impossible in the limits of our space; and we can but refer to those salient points in his political history which bear on his own fortunes, and illustrate the tergiversations, the defeats, the accomplishments, and the triumphs of the man who from being

## SOUVENIR OF MR. GLADSTONE.

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the hope of stern, unbending Tories became in the middle of his life their most powerful opponent, and at the end of his career—the Home Rule epoch of his life—the strongest object of their political defiance and dread.

Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech was delivered against the beginnings of slave-emanicipation proposed by Lord Stanley, afterwards fourteenth Earl of Derby and Prime Minister, a man, by strange coincidence, also closely allied with Liverpool, and a man, too, who was, like Gladstone himself, to cross the floor of the House and don the colours of the party he then opposed. Other speeches followed, and on Christmas Eve 1834, Gladstone was already offering himself for re-election at Newark, having accepted office under Sir Robert Peel. In 1835 a new Parliament met with a Liberal majority, which sent the Under-Secretary for the Colonies once again into unofficial life. Living in chambers in the Albany, where (we have Mr. George Russell's excellent authority for it) he daily read family prayers with his two servants, he went much into society, drawing the line at the "Sunday Evenings" of Monckton Milnes, who retorted that people who kept Friday as a fast might keep Sunday as a feast. St. James's Church, Piccadilly, was his substitute, or, as he much preferred when time allowed, All Saints', Margaret Street. Homer, Dante, and Saint Augustine were his favourite studies at this time, as the reader of his many books and articles may easily understand. Wordsworth was among his guests, and his fine baritone was often heard when he was in the company of friends who were musical. The first Parliament of Victoria found him still member for Newark, though he had been nominated also for Manchester and placed at the foot of the poll. The planters were still the first objects of his care as a speechmaker; and the Church of England found in him an ardent champion, not in speeches only, but in writings, of which "The State in its Relations with the Church" struck the Tractarian note, incurred the scorn of the *Times*, and won the sympathy of Newman, who exclaimed, in 1839, what other people in far different connections no doubt exclaimed in after years: "The *Times* is at poor Gladstone again!" A visit to Rome in 1838-39, in company with Manning, had, for one incident, a visit to Wiseman, whose Mass the two Anglicans heard on the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and, for another incident, a meeting with some other visitors, the widow and daughters of Sir Stephen Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, whom Gladstone had earlier known. To the elder girl, Miss Catherine Glynne, he became engaged, and the marriage, at Hawarden, in 1839, was one of those that are assuredly made in heaven; a bond of kindred minds and interests, that lasted far beyond a half-century in perfect accord of heart and will. Mr. Gladstone, by that marriage, became the father of children whose careers, for his sake, are tolerably familiar; the inhabitant of Hawarden Castle; a relative of the Lytteltons, his sister-in-law, Miss Mary Glynne, becoming the wife of the fourth Lord Lyttelton; and an ally to the house of Grenville, which had already, among its members or immediate connections, supplied England with four Prime Ministers, and had in him a fifth.

The General Election of 1842 gave Peel a good majority, and placed Gladstone as Vice-President of the Board of Trade. A year later, the Vice was dropped—he was full President, and a member of the Cabinet at the age of thirty-three. Corn Laws and tariffs were the talk of the times, till the Maynooth grants came to vary the monotony—at Mr. Gladstone's cost, in a sense, for he resigned his post that he might be a free judge of subsidies to the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland. These he defended in a speech which Charles Greville called "ludicrous," and Disraeli "involved and ineffective." In December (a notable month in Gladstone annals) 1845, Mr. Gladstone (whom Newman's secession a couple of months earlier had gravely distressed and who went to Archdeacon Manning for consolation) again entered official life, this time as Secretary of State for the Colonies, in succession to Lord Stanley, in the Administration of Sir Robert Peel, now pledged to partial Repeal of the Corn Laws. Protectionist Newark would not tolerate such a backslider; and he had to wait until Oxford in the midsummer of 1847 sent him to St. Stephen's in fulfilment of what he himself described as a desire of "almost

passionate fondness" to be the University's representative there. He went as a member of the Peelite minority, and though a diligent member, his freedom from official cares gave him leisure for literary pursuits, for correspondence on Church affairs, for time to grieve, not only over the death of a daughter, but over Manning and Hope-Scott, whose secession to Rome, he said, made him feel as if he had lost

his two eyes. His actual eyes did suffer at this time, and a visit to Italy, partly for the sake of rest, brought him in contact with the horrors of Neapolitan prisons, and his exposure of them, in letters to Lord Aberdeen, followed. He returned home in time to oppose Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—a Bill inoperative in its effects, and afterwards erased from the Statute-book. In December 1851—another Christmas Eve—Lord Palmerston, the dismissed Foreign Minister of Lord John Russell, joined the Tories during the Militia Bill debate, and helped them to defeat the Government; hence the Derby-Disraeli Administration, in which Mr. Gladstone, as a follower of Peel—lately killed by a fall from his horse—had no place. In the December of 1852, Disraeli's Budget encountered the opposition of Mr. Gladstone, who led into the Lobby a majority of nineteen against it. Whigs, Peelites, and Radicals then came together in a Government with Lord Aberdeen as Prime Minister and Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. This was the parting of the ways. Henceforth Mr. Gladstone was to sit with Liberals, not with Tories; and at that parting the wrestle had been between himself and the marvellous man whose name and memory will be pitted most continuously against his in the pages of history for all time.

Mr. Gladstone's famous Budgets under Lord Aberdeen were the strongest features of the Coalition Government. By his great financial skill and his power in making a Budget statement positively fascinating, he continued to rise rapidly in reputation. He was for only a short time in Palmerston's first Administration, and when he assisted to defeat that Administration by opposing the Conspiracy Bill, he was offered, but refused, office under the second

short-lived Derby-Disraeli Government. Then followed, in 1858, his mission to the Ionian Islands, which led to the union of the islands with Greece. During his tenure of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Palmerston's second Government, Mr. Gladstone succeeded, despite the opposition of the Lords and the indifference of the Prime Minister, in abolishing the duty on paper. His advocacy of the extension of the franchise led to his defeat in Oxford in 1865. If the opponents of reform had been wise in their generation, they would have kept him in the University seat; when he was set free there, he went to South Lancashire "unmuzzled." Upon Palmerston's death, thirty-three years ago, Mr. Gladstone

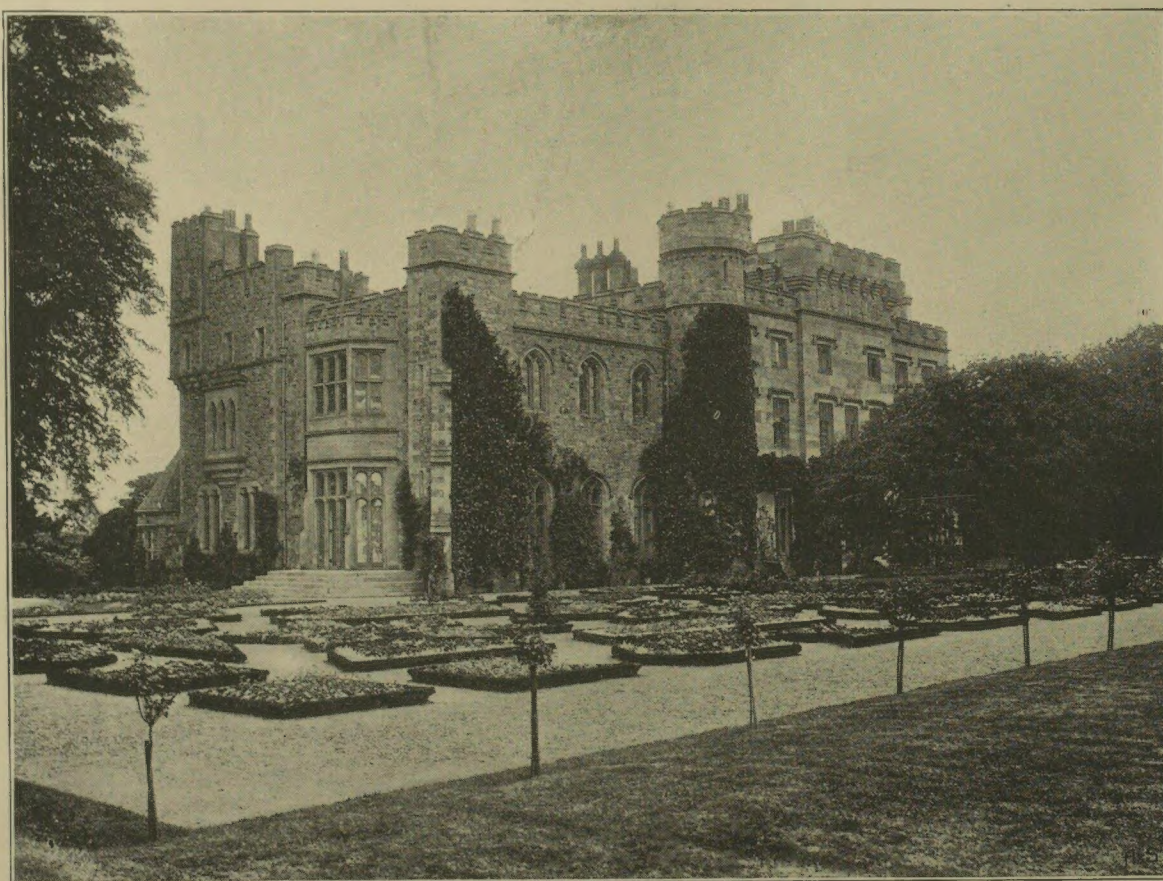
became leader of the House of Commons, and at the end of 1867, on the retirement of Lord Russell, after the Conservatives had dished the Whigs with a Reform Bill, he became in name as well as in reality, the chief of the Liberal party. A few months later, Disraeli succeeded Lord Derby as Prime Minister, so that then the two great Parliamentary rivals sat face to face as the heads of the two parties in the State.

For the next thirteen years the names of these two men were the battle-cries of politicians. By carrying his famous resolutions for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Mr. Gladstone compelled Disraeli, in 1868, to appeal to the country. An overwhelming victory was secured by the Liberals, though Mr. Gladstone once more lost his seat, and was driven from South Lancashire to Greenwich. The reforms passed in the Parliament which then came into

existence are among the most memorable associated with Gladstone's name. Those, as Mr. George Russell says, were golden days for the Liberal party. Not only did the Parliament of 1868 disestablish the Irish Church, but it also passed the Irish Land Act, giving legal recognition to tenant right; it established a national and compulsory system of elementary education in Great Britain, and it abolished the purchase of commissions in the Army. The Government distinguished itself also by its wise resort to arbitration in the case of the *Alabama*. Liberal popularity, however, gradually exhausted itself, and in 1874 Disraeli obtained his greatest and last opportunity. Mr. Gladstone, on finding himself in Opposition, believed that his



THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. GLADSTONE WAS BORN, AT LIVERPOOL.



HAWARDEN CASTLE, MR. GLADSTONE'S COUNTRY SEAT.



public work was done, and retired from the leadership of the Liberal party, his place being taken in the House of Commons by Lord Hartington; but in a few years the Bulgarian Atrocities brought the unemployed Cæsar back to activity, and led to that wonderful Midlothian campaign, in which he attacked the stronghold of the Buceleuchs, and which resulted in his becoming again Prime Minister. The record of his second Government was marred by Irish troubles. The Irish spectre crossed its path at almost every turn. Another Land Bill which was passed was accepted with little gratitude. Disappointments in the Soudan, culminating in the death of General Gordon, also alienated the sympathy of many of Mr. Gladstone's former supporters, and Lord Salisbury came into power in 1885. The General Election at the end of that year, however, gave Mr. Gladstone a majority, and then he produced the Home Rule Bill, which broke up the Liberal party, some of his most influential colleagues and friends—Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Chamberlain—turning against him. The long fight which he waged with so much courage and tenacity in the Salisbury Parliament of 1886 is looked upon as one of his greatest achievements, even by those who have no sympathy with the policy of his old age. A fourth time he found himself at the head of a majority in 1892, and although the majority was very small, he produced another Home Rule Bill and succeeded in carrying it through the House of Commons. No other living statesman could have accomplished such a task. Its rejection by the House of Lords was inevitable, and then Mr. Gladstone, whose eyesight gave him trouble and who longed for freedom from the tumults of political controversy, finally retired from the service of the Queen, bequeathing to the Commons in his last Parliamentary words his quarrel with the Lords. His retirement was the signal for extraordinary manifestations of regret on the part of his adherents and for extraordinary manifestations of personal admiration on the part also of his opponents. In rest which never degenerated into laziness, and in retirement which left him still keenly alive to the course of affairs, the Grand Old Man passed the last few years of his marvellous life.

Lord Rosebery once said that Mr. Gladstone's biography would have to be written by a limited liability company. His career was so long and so eventful, and he distinguished himself in so many parts, that the ordinary biography can give only a partial view. In what rank posterity will place him it is impossible to say. When one is close to the mountain, one cannot judge accurately of its height. In the view of his contemporaries, Mr. Gladstone bestrode the political world like a Colossus. Other men seemed petty beside him in Parliament. Opponents acknowledged his genius no less warmly than friends when he retired. According to Lord Salisbury, his was the most brilliant intellect that had been placed at the service of the State since Parliamentary government began, and Mr. Balfour described him as a great example of all that was most splendid and brilliant in the conduct of Parliamentary debate, and in the use of every species of Parliamentary eloquence. In the view of the present generation, Gladstone stands higher than Peel or Palmerston. He was greater than either as a member of Parliament and as an orator, and his gifts were more varied than theirs. We rank him rather with Pitt and Fox and Walpole. These he equalled in Parliamentary prestige, while his legislative record exceeds that of any predecessor. For foreign affairs he showed comparatively little interest, except when his sympathies as a philanthropist were touched. The peoples of

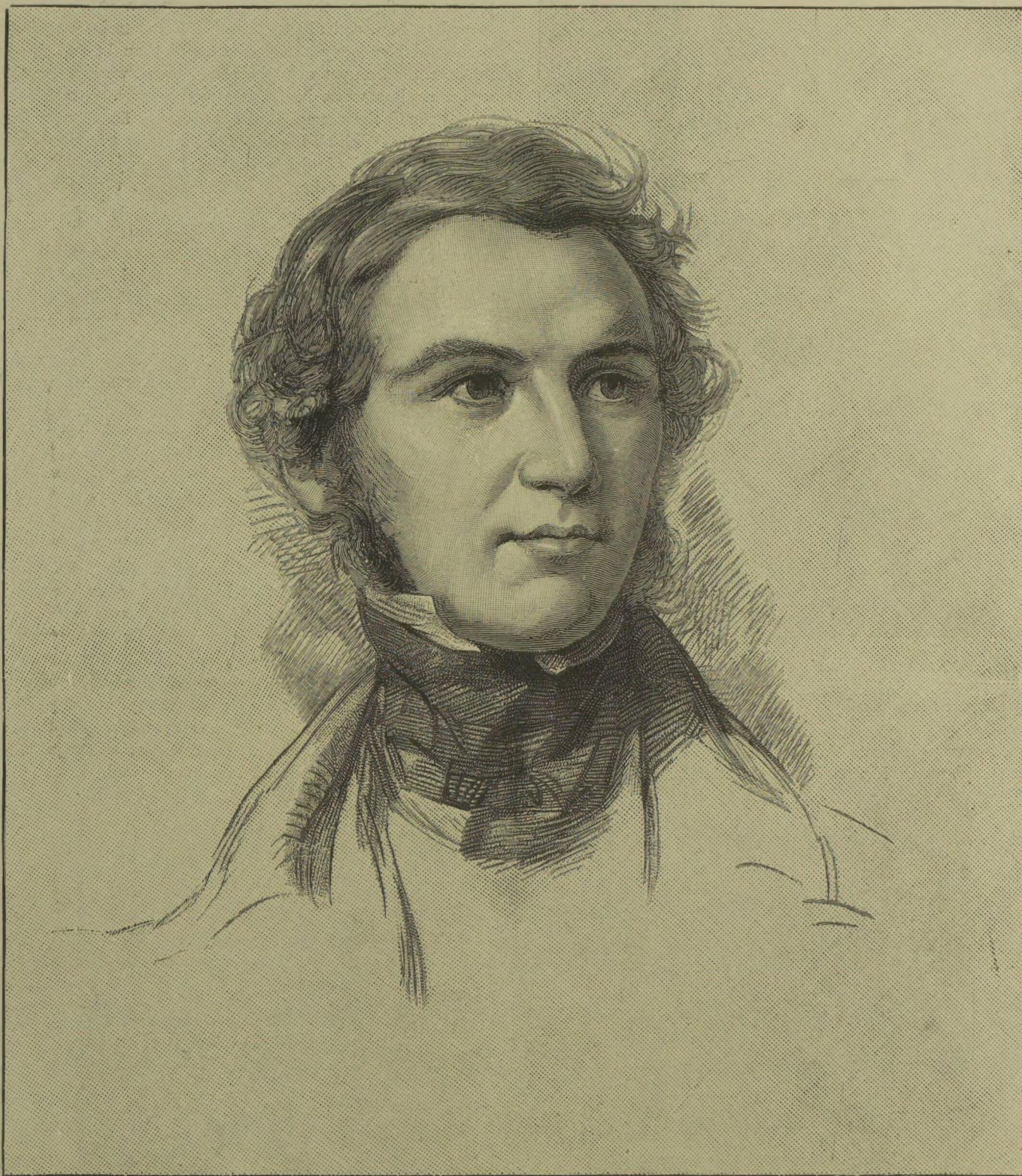
Naples and Greece and Bulgaria found in him a potent friend. His strength was shown chiefly, however, in home affairs. The numerous political changes and social reforms of the last half-century which he inspired, if he did not actually carry out, are a monument to his genius and to his zeal for the welfare of the people.

Mr. Gladstone's life in the House of Commons was not the common life. He was never a club man, and did not look upon the House of Commons as a club. He scarcely ever dined there, he scarcely ever entered the Library, and he visited the Smoking-room only once in order to test Mr. Stuart Cumberland's experiments in thought-reading. The House was to him a place for the performance of solemn duties for which he would be answerable to God. He loved power as every able and ambitious man loves it, but no man was ever more conscientious in the use to which he put power. Earnestness was one of Mr. Gladstone's most conspicuous qualities. It was laughed at by the cynics. Palmerston and Disraeli took things lightly; Gladstone was always earnest. This was one of the secrets of his success as an orator. He believed intensely, and he sought intensely to communicate his belief to others. Now and again, in the later years of his life, he showed a playful banter

of which the House of Commons was very fond, but his speeches were never really distinguished for their humour. Disraeli once said in a mocking way that Mr. Gladstone "seldom condescends to indulge in merriment, and I think he ought to be encouraged whenever he makes the effort." His most conspicuous qualities, as Lord Rosebery has said, were his courage and his sympathy, and those qualities inspired his oratory. With the debating skill of Mr. Chamberlain he united the oratorical gifts of Mr. Bright. As a master of the art of using words he has never been surpassed in the British Parliament. By the magic of his eloquence he cast a glamour over his hearers. Probably no man in the history of this country has ever delivered in the House of Commons so many wonderful speeches as were delivered by Mr. Gladstone.

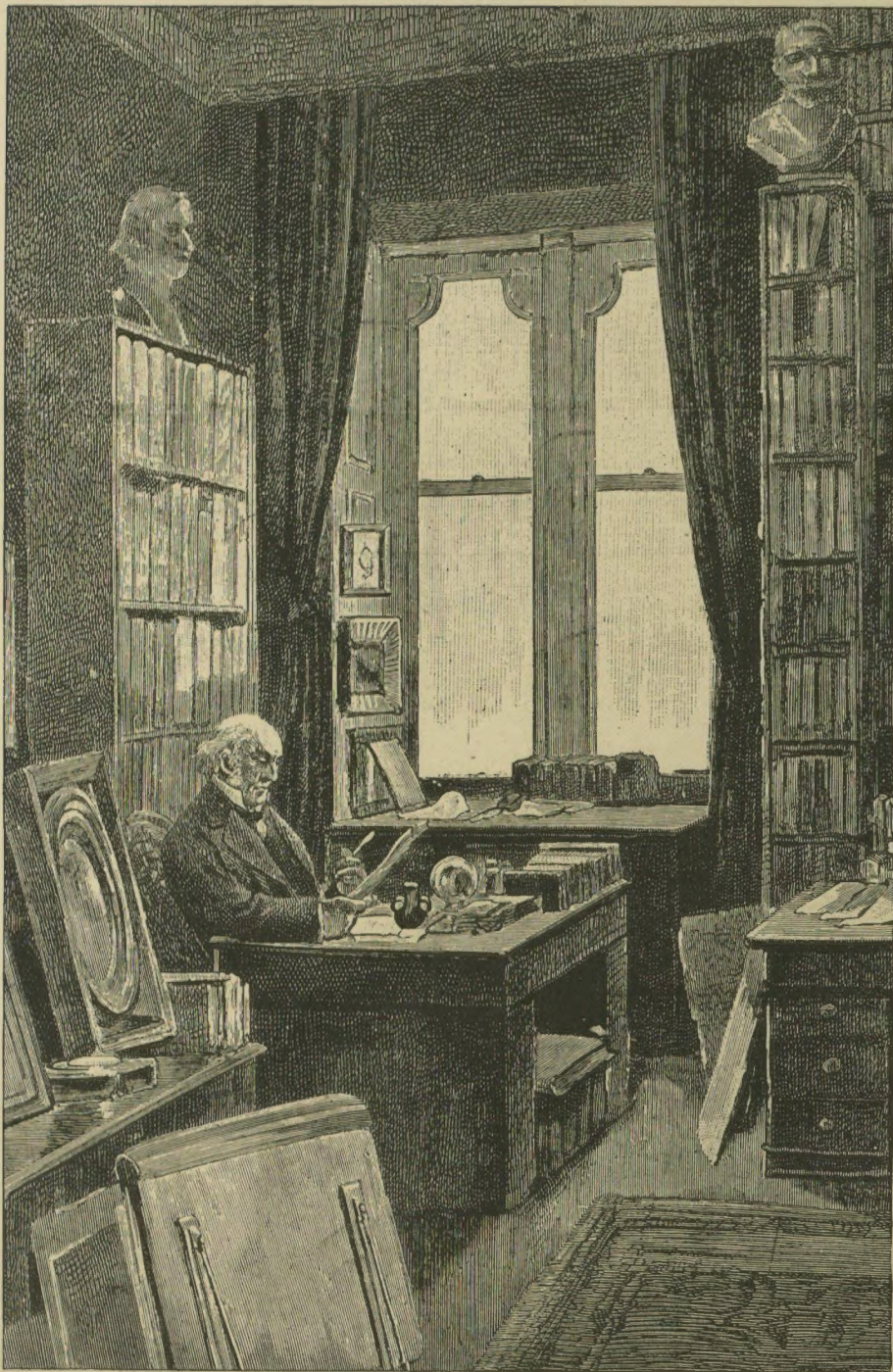
Among so many great speeches, it is difficult to say

which was the greatest. Each succeeding speech seemed to his audience to have surpassed the previous. For nearly half a century Mr. Gladstone dazzled Parliament by his eloquence. In the Don Pacifico debate in 1850 he spoke from the dusk of one day to the dawn of another. His Budget statements were masterpieces of exposition; he would speak for five hours without wearying the House. Some critics have awarded the palm to that famous oration on the Reform Bill of 1866, in which he said: "I was bred under the shadow of the great name of Canning, and under the shadow of the yet more venerable name of Burke." Another speech picked out for special praise was that which he delivered in moving the vote of credit of eleven millions sterling for a possible war with Russia in 1885. "I doubt," says Lord Rosebery, "if any speech, not merely by its magnificence, but by the fact of its being followed by a unanimous vote, ever produced such an effect upon the Continent of Europe." The unanimity of the vote on that occasion was due to the glamour of Mr. Gladstone's words; several members had taken notes when he commenced, but when he sat down they held their peace. His speech on the second reading of the Affirmation Bill was also a noble effort, while the Nationalists might award the prize to those orations in which he introduced the Home Rule Bills. The greater the call upon his courage and genius, the richer and more elevated became his eloquence. Even in his latest years in



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.  
From the Portrait by the late George Richmond, R.A.





MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS LIBRARY AT HAWARDEN CASTLE.

the House he frequently renewed the spell which, in his prime, he cast over the minds of members.

The success of his speeches was not due to skilful phrasing. Many a much smaller man has used much smarter phrases. Mr. Gladstone's sentences, when examined critically, were seen to be cumbersome; they lacked the finish of Disraeli's, and they were often involved. Mr. Gladstone rarely coined an epigram. For style in speech he probably cared little. He thought entirely of the matter, and of how best to influence his hearers. Few of his phrases will live. The well-known "bag and baggage" phrase which became so notorious in the agitation against Turkey was, of course, much older than Mr. Gladstone's day. He once described Disraeli as "foundering and floundering" in the Straits of Malacca, but that was a parody of a phrase used by Disraeli, who had accused Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of "plundering and blundering." Even his description of himself as "unmuzzled" was suggested by a phrase of Palmerston's. Mr. Gladstone was the last member to employ with effect long classical quotations. The day of such quotations is past; they would only be laughed at by

the modern member, who knows scarcely any Latin and no Greek. Mr. Chamberlain's style is now the favourite pattern, clear and incisive, with personal hits and allusions familiar to the man in the street.

Mr. Gladstone's latest speeches were wonderful efforts for any man, not to speak of a man of his years. In his final speech in Parliament his voice was rich and full, his language dignified, his tone eloquent, and his manner that of a perfect orator. Pale, stern, and dressed in black, his appearance on that farewell occasion, which few members knew to be a farewell, will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. His last speech on public affairs was delivered at Liverpool in September 1896. One who listened to that speech with shut eyes could not have suspected that the orator was eighty-seven years old. To find a precedent for such a performance is very difficult. Lord Lyndhurst spoke in the House of Lords in his ninetieth year "at considerable length and with much of his wonted brilliancy and vigour." But Mr. Gladstone's case was that of an address to a popular audience in a public hall. The orator showed very little sign of decay. He spoke for an hour and a quarter, and if his eloquence was not so sustained as in former days, there were flashes worthy of his prime.

Only those familiar with the House of Commons can form an adequate idea of the blank which was caused by Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal. When there, he was the central figure—the observed of all observers. Eyes weary of common figures turned to him, and always found the spectacle interesting and stimulating. The wonderful blazing eyes, the mixture of thought and fire in the face, the hawk-like features, the firm yet ever-changing mouth, were a constant source of study. His eager, restless ways, his indomitable energy, even his high collar and the black ribbon round the stump of the amputated finger, were watched with interest night after night. With all his moods and habits the House was intimately familiar, and yet it never tired of observing them. For journalists he was a theme that never grew stale. When friends lacked matter, they filled up their speeches with his praise, and his opponents were never at a loss when he sat confronting them. He was always ready—too ready—to enter the conflicts of the House, and he often used very strong language, but he never hit below the belt.

There are many points of resemblance between Mr. Gladstone and Fox. Fox began life as a High Tory, and ultimately became a Radical. Mr. Gladstone was Tory, Peelite, Liberal, and Home Ruler. Fox's nature, "apt to extremes, was driven with an excessive reaction to the most violent negative of what he disapproved." Thus Lord Rosebery writes, and he adds, "It is this force of extremes that makes all orators, and for them it is indispensable." When he wrote these words he may have been thinking of Mr. Gladstone quite as much as of Fox. Mr. Gladstone's success as a Parliamentary orator was undoubtedly due in part to the absolute conviction in his mind that he was in the right, and that his opponents were in the wrong. It was the extreme force with which he attacked what previously he may have defended that gave him sometimes the appearance of insincerity. But Mr. Gladstone was never insincere. There are other words applied to Fox by Lord Rosebery which equally well fit the great Liberal leader of the end of the nineteenth century. Of him it may be said, as was said of Fox's mature life, that his mastering passion was the love of liberty: "It is this which made him take a vigorous, occasionally an intemperate part against every man or measure in which he could trace the taint or tendency of oppression; it is this which gave him moral power, which has neutralised the errors of his political career, which makes his faults forgotten and his memory sweet." In spite of faults—and who could spend sixty years in public life without committing great faults?—Mr. Gladstone's memory will be kept sweet in the records of the Victorian Era. This was a great orator, as Augustus said of Cicero—a great orator and a man who loved his country well.



MRS. GLADSTONE IN THE GARDEN OF BLACKCRAIG CASTLE, BLAIRGOWRIE, SEPTEMBER 1893.

From a Photograph by Valentine, Dundee.